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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE SECOND LEAGUE ASSEMBLY

A DISTINCTLY optimistic note is sounded by the *Journal de Genève* in an article dealing with the close of the second session of the Assembly of the League of Nations. The writer bases his hopeful attitude on the positive accomplishments of the Assembly at its second meeting, and points out that the League now rests on assured financial and administrative bases; while the delegates themselves, during the session, gave evidence of an increased capacity for mutual comprehension and coöperation. The atmosphere of the Assembly which has just closed was quite different from that of last year, for

in 1920 the delegates met one another with a certain amount of distrust. They were fearful of surprises. They had their experiences. In 1921, on the other hand, they found themselves from the very first day upon well-known ground. Contacts had been established. They had discovered the possibility of fruitful collaboration. An atmosphere of mutual comprehension ruled in the Assembly Hall. Their work, moreover, had been prepared in minute detail, and their deliberations progressed throughout with no untoward events.

The Swiss newspaper shows a strong tendency to minimize the contradictory currents which have been reported as existing among the delegates. The divergences, it says, were not nearly so great as has been believed, and, on the other hand, a very real cohesion existed among the representatives of the nations. Most of the resolutions proposed during the session commanded large majorities. The relations between the representatives of the large and the small countries — though not, perhaps, characterized by complete equality — were at least such as to be highly encouraging.

The work accomplished in the course of this session was, above all, a work of adaptation and consolidation. In certain details, it is true, no appreciable progress has been made. That was especially the case where mandates, the registration of treaties, and, in general, amendments to the Pact are concerned. But these are the very thorniest problems. They can be solved only slowly. . . . These delays, and even positive checks, such as the failure of the mediation of the Council in the Vilna affair, ought not to cause the importance of the results actually attained to be lost to sight.

From this time on the League of Nations rests upon well-established financial and administrative bases. Its internal organization is at work. Its General Secretariat has met its tests brilliantly. Its technical services are perfectly established to-day, and their influence begins to make itself felt in many directions, in international traffic as in public hygiene, in scientific documenta-

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tion as well as in finance or relief. The International Court of Justice, moreover, is definitely established and ready to begin its duties. In spite of some uncertainty, the system of economic sanctions is ready for application. The study of the great problem of disarmament progresses rapidly and is already affording concrete proposals.

According to this article, the position of the Council has been completely re-established. Last year the prerogatives which it enjoyed aroused a certain apprehension among the delegates in the Assembly; there was talk of a possible conflict of powers, and of the need of defining the respective spheres of the two branches. At the second session the delegates had come to realize that no genuine opposition of this sort could exist, and the success with which the two bodies coöperated in all respects has shown that the earlier fears were exaggerated.

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WHO WILL SUCCEED LLOYD GEORGE?

Viscount Grey of Fallodon made his reëntry into active British politics during the second week of October, when he delivered an important speech in criticism of the government's policy. In general, he sharply condemned the Lloyd George Cabinet for what he alleged to be its lack of a coherent and consistent policy. In particular, he censured the Government for its conduct of Irish negotiations. In this, as in other matters, Viscount Grey declared that a failure to know its own mind was the root of the Cabinet's difficulties.

Lord Robert Cecil thereupon seized the opportunity to suggest Viscount Grey as the next Prime Minister, and declared his readiness to coöperate in a movement for restoring to Great Britain

an administration which will give security at home and command confidence abroad.

The need of the moment is high character, sober judgment, official experience, and freedom from party prejudice. Above all, we want an administration which will have a clear and definite programme, and will pursue the even tenor of its way undisturbed by passing gusts of popular excitement.

Would not Lord Grey be just the man to head such an administration? I shall be told, perhaps, that he is a Liberal, and that I am advocating the return to power of the Liberal party. That is not so. I am prepared to coöperate with Lord Grey, not because he is a Liberal, but in spite of that fact.

Commenting on Viscount Grey's reappearance in the political arena, the *Manchester Guardian* ventures the opinion that 'his return will be welcomed by men of all parties who admire a disinterested character and who recognize the value, in the conduct of affairs, of a sane judgment and a ripe experience.'

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THE ECONOMIC SITUATION IN ITALY

In the *Neue Freie Presse*, an article by Professor Gustavo del Vecchio, of Trieste, deals with the change that has taken place in the Italian economic situation during the past twelve months. A year ago, the Socialist deputies were deliberately blocking every measure for economic reform.

The Fiume question stood in the way of a steady and normal foreign policy. The budget indicated a large deficit, so large that calculations placed the difference between revenues and expenditures at more than ten billion lire. The note-circulation was rising, and the value of the lira had fallen to one fifth of its par rate. The agricultural riots and the occupation of the factories by workmen were signs that seemed to point to a pending social disintegration.

To-day, according to Professor Vecchio, this situation has altogether changed. The gap between expenditures and revenues has been partly closed by levying new taxes.

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The relations between capital and labor are rapidly returning to normal. The exclusion of the extremist minorities from the Socialist Party has had a beneficial effect. The labor troubles of to-day are wholly different in character from those of a year ago, and aim solely to secure increased wages or altered conditions of employment, rather than to bring about a complete industrial revolution.

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JAPANESE VIEWS OF THE CONFERENCE

THE Tokyo *Jiji* interprets the treaty between America and Germany as one in which 'America desires to participate in all the advantages derivable from the Versailles Treaty, while repudiating all responsibilities arising from the same.' It thinks that America has definitely turned its back on the League of Nations, and is paving the way for a new association in which the United States will assume the leading rôle. It is of the opinion that the Washington Conference has been planned by President Harding and Secretary Hughes in the hope that the occasion might be utilized to create an atmosphere for putting forth such a proposal.

The Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*, on the other hand, considers it unfortunate that pessimistic opinions are being formed in various quarters of the motives and probable results of the Conference. While it is inclined to suspect that an ambition for world-power may have promoted the calling of this Conference, it lays stress on the fact that disarmament is the ideal of all right-minded men throughout the world, and that the Conference has a difficult task before it, without having to carry the handicap of a dampened enthusiasm. It urges that Japan avoid anything that tends to mar the smooth progress of the negotiations, even going so far as to suggest that if Japanese reservations should provide the Conference with insurmountable difficulties, the reservations ought to be withdrawn.

In no country has the Conference created a more widespread degree of interest than in Japan. All the newspapers have discussed with considerable earnestness the various suggestions as to the size and personnel of the Japanese delegation. *Jiji*, which originally suggested that Premier Hara should head the delegation, based its proposal upon the opinion that the interests of Japan at the Conference are far more vital than those of any other country.

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THE ROOT OF GERMANY'S FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES

WRITING in the *Vossische Zeitung*, October 2, Georg Bernhard complains that the German people have been misled into thinking that all their financial and economic troubles are due to the Treaty of Versailles and to the burden of reparations. The truth is, he claims, that even if the Versailles Treaty, with all its schedules and demands, were torn into shreds to-morrow, Germany's financial plight would still be serious.

Germany's immediate need, according to Herr Bernhard, is for an economic and financial reorganization rather than for new political groupings. For three years the problem of politics has been taking a dominant place in the minds of the German people, and no substantial progress has been made, Herr Bernhard believes, in solving the far more urgent problems of finance. The experience of these three years has abundantly demonstrated, he contends, that even strong majorities in the Reichstag have not been able to carry through any consistent programme of economic legislation.

Meanwhile, the mark keeps falling. The political authorities seem absolutely powerless to prevent its continued decline; they keep temporizing, while

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Germany moves steadily to the bottom of the abyss. Political parliamentarianism is showing itself unequal to the task of solving a problem which calls urgently for solution, with complete economic ruin as the only alternative. This problem is to unite the productive forces of Germany with the aid of both employers and workmen. If the political authorities of the German Republic can do no better in the future than they have done in the past, Herr Bernhard predicts that parliamentarianism in Germany will eventually write its own death-warrant. 'Great masses of the people will rapidly, and without regard to party affiliations, come to realize that partisan politics must no longer be left in control of the German destiny.'

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'EMPTY AUSTRALIA'

LORD NORTHCLIFFE has been giving the people of Australia some outspoken advice. On his recent visit to the island continent he asserted that, instead of five million Australians, there ought to be fifteen or twenty millions, and that the country would stand naked to its enemies until it reached that minimum. He chided the Australian government for not having pursued a more enterprising immigration policy. 'Why does not Australia work out a scheme' he asked, 'whereby one hundred thousand immigrants a year may be brought to the island, instead of only twelve thousand, as at present?'

The *Saturday Review* points out that Lord Northcliffe ought to know the answer to his own question. The answer is that labor rules in Australia, and labor is against immigration. The Australian government, under the domination of labor influences, has professed a desire to get the country populated, but has not carried this profession into practice. With reference to Lord Northcliffe's suggestion that 'the financial burden of a great immigration scheme should be shared between Britain and Australia,' the *Saturday Review* protests against tapping the British treasury for any such purpose. Canada, it points out, has always financed her own immigration policy, and why should not Australia do the same?

The London *Outlook* believes that Lord Northcliffe has done a great service to the British Empire by raising this question. Australia, it notes, has a population less than that of London, and a large proportion of the people are concentrated in two cities — Sydney and Melbourne. Vast districts of fertile land remain untouched. The *Outlook* declares that this situation cannot be maintained indefinitely. Various powerful countries are seeking 'places in the sun' for their surplus populations. 'In certain eventualities,' the *Outlook* fears, 'Australia might become a Japanese country as easily as it became a British possession, merely because it is practically empty. Possession may be nine points of the law; but the last and final point of the law is not legal possession but actual occupation.' A few thousand white men in half a million square miles of territory cannot be called an effective occupation. If the population of Australia is small, it is because the colony has insisted on being pure British. There is an idealist side to its 'don't want dagoes' policy. It is a pure-bred British nation, for whatever that may be worth. Nevertheless, Lord Northcliffe is substantially right when he says, 'Only numbers can save you.'

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THE GENERAL ELECTION IN CANADA

THE Canadian Parliament has been dissolved, and the country is now in the throes of a general election. The last general election took place in 1917, on the issue of conscription. In that elec-

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tion the Conservatives managed to join forces with a substantial fraction of the Liberals, and thereby to sweep the Dominion. A coalition government was then formed, and this government has continued in power to the present time.

It was expected that the old party lines would be reëstablished after the close of the war; but such has not been entirely the case. The Liberals have resumed their independence, but have not managed to call back all their old supporters. Meanwhile, a Farmers' Party has come into existence, and the contest will be a three-cornered one. Judging from the comments of the Canadian press, the issue of the election is very much in doubt, because no one is able to predict the amount of strength that the agrarian group will draw from the two older parties.

The chief issue is the tariff. The present Government, headed by Prime Minister Meighen, has declared for out-and-out protection; the Liberals are committed to tariff revision downward; the Farmers desire to go even further than the Liberals in the direction of free trade. Their programme contemplates complete free trade with Great Britain within five years, and a renewal of negotiations for reciprocity with the United States. The situation is summed up by the Toronto *Saturday Night* in this way: —

> On the one hand is a party which was welded in the furnace of war, with a fiscal policy which tends to create employment for Canadians in Canada. On the other hand you have the Agrarians, with Free Trade as their rallying cry; and, between the two, the Liberals, with a somewhat nebulous programme of tariff for revenue.

A COMMUNIST VICTORY IN PARIS

THERE has been a rather curious sequel to the mutiny which occurred on board the French war vessels in the Black Sea after the war — a flare-up which was undoubtedly due to Bolshevist propaganda. One of the ring-leaders in this mutiny, André Marty, was sentenced by French naval court-martial to a term of imprisonment. It was expected that Marty and his fellow mutineers would in due course be granted an amnesty, but the French government has not yet taken any steps in that direction. Accordingly, the French Communists, and some who are not Communists, started a violent campaign in favor of a pardon. This has had its culmination in the recent election of Marty as a member of the Paris Municipal Council. According to the Paris journals, his supporters included, not only radicals of all degrees, but many men of moderate opinion, who feel that the mutineers have been sufficiently punished and ought now to be granted the benefits of an amnesty.

Marty's election illustrates one of the peculiarities of the French electoral law. In France, a criminal undergoing sentence is ineligible to hold any public office; on the other hand, the law provides that the candidate who obtains a majority of votes must, under all circumstances, be declared elected, even though ineligible to take his seat. In the present case Marty will be declared elected and then declared ineligible; whereupon a vacancy in the Council will once more exist, and a writ for a fresh election will be issued. At this new election there is nothing to prevent his being a candidate again, and so the process may be repeated.

GENEVA AND THE PROFITEERS

ACCORDING to the delegates who have returned from attending the second Assembly of the League of Nations, Geneva is one of the most expensive cities in the world. Prices are high, apart from the Swiss rate of exchange,

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which is against almost every nation in Europe. The clerks and other subordinate officials attached to the Secretariat of the League find it extremely difficult to make both ends meet, although their salaries are thought to be generous. During the meetings of the Assembly there was considerable gossip about the possibility of removing the seat of the League to some other European city. The difficulty would be to find another city, politically available, in which conditions promise to be very much better.

Both the delegates and the permanent officials of the League are convinced that Geneva landlords have been raising rents to unwarrantable levels. Among the newspaper representatives, likewise, there appears to be a strong feeling of resentment over what is generally declared to be a carnival of profiteering. The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* predicts that, unless the citizens of Geneva display a different attitude, the removal of the League will become a live question. Geographically and politically the Swiss city fulfills all requirements; but the smaller nations may soon grow restless under the heavy burdens imposed upon them for League expenses. It is said that Rumania's contribution to the expenses of the League equals the entire sum spent on its own Foreign Office.

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ARMY SLANG

THE Secretary of the Imperial Museum in London has undertaken to prepare a glossary of the army slang used by members of the British Expeditionary Forces during the war. The humorists of the British press, having jumped to the conclusion that army slang must, of course, include army profanity, have been deluging the Secretary with facetious suggestions. An interesting thing about British army slang is its derivation. Most of it is of Hindustani origin, and the fact that it should have become so general among the men of 'Kitchener's Mob' shows the powerful way in which the 'old contemptibles' managed to leaven the entire lump. Although the sensations and experiences of trench-life were altogether new, and quite different from what British troops had ever experienced in India, the slang relating to such things was not of emergency coinage; most of it was current among the British 'tommies' long before 1914. At any rate, a dictionary of war-slang ought to be an interesting compilation.

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MINOR NOTES

THE *Universe*, a weekly Catholic newspaper, expresses the opinion that Mr. De Valera 'is not happy in the phraseology of his most important communications.' Concerning one of his recent deliverances, it makes this comment: —

'Published at the precise moment he has chosen, its influence would only seem likely to injure the cause of Irish peace, if not to destroy it altogether. It is hard to interpret it otherwise than as an almost defiant intimation that nothing will be conceded, and that no compromise will be entertained, but that "Ireland will stand where she is, unyielding." It is a matter, as it seems to us, on which Ireland may congratulate herself, that Sinn Fein has as its principal spokesman at Downing Street, Mr. Michael Collins, rather than Mr. De Valera, for the latter does not seem to shine as a negotiator of delicate questions.'

DANISH relief for Russian famine sufferers has been temporarily abandoned. It was intended to feed thousands of children in Petrograd with supplies sent from Denmark; but Soviet conditions could not be met.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE CHAOS OF EUROPE

BY HAMILTON FYFE

[*These reflections constitute the leading article in the initial issue of a new monthly periodical devoted to 'world-movements in a forward direction,' of which Mr. Fyfe is the editor.*]

From *Looking Forward, October*
(MONTHLY REVIEW OF WORLD-MOVEMENTS)

THE proceedings of the Assembly of the League of Nations, so far as they have gone up to the time of writing, have done a great deal to impress upon the mind and imagination of the world that this world-council introduces a new and immensely valuable factor into the complicated life of mankind. Never before have representatives of so many countries met together to discuss matters of common interest, to air grievances, to concert measures that will prevent quarrels from being settled by forcible means. Never before have speakers of so many languages had the opportunity to open their minds upon the discontents and difficulties of their age, with the world's eyes upon them and the world's ear bent to hear what they have to say.

Unfortunately, that ear has not everywhere been able to catch their utterances. It is dependent upon the newspapers for the transmission of the proceedings at Geneva, and the English newspapers have done very little in this direction. The accounts of the meetings have been scanty and, for the most part, uninteresting. In the Berlin papers I read good reports of what appeared to be excellent speeches by M. Lafontaine and the Persian delegate on the general condition of Europe and the world at large. In the leading English journals I could find nothing of these. Though the Germans are supposed to have no belief in the League, they pay a great deal more attention to it than do the English people, whose support of Mr. Wilson helped to bring it into being.

The educated German is often a serious observer and student of foreign affairs; such persons understand that the League is a very important development in human history, whether they welcome it or not. After reading a great many leading articles in the chief organs of German opinion and a number of their political pamphlets, I am forced to doubt whether the writers appreciate the change that has already come over international affairs. They still suppose that groups of powers are being formed to balance one another; they still believe that the old diplomatic alliances will be sought and bargained for, as they have been in the past. Yet, without being friendly to the League, without being convinced of its enormous power for good, they are following its acts and conferences with far closer attention than is given to them in England. That is not a discovery flattering to one's national pride.

It could not be expected that so much space should be given to a matter affecting the lives, and the deaths perhaps, of thousands of millions of people as would be cheerfully devoted to cricket, or a boxing match, or the sayings and doings of Sir Charles Chaplin, K.B.E. (which the famous movie actor will no doubt have become by the time

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these lines are read). But there ought surely to be among us as much serious interest in world-affairs as would make it impossible for an event of such importance to be, in most of our newspapers, so poorly reported. Even the election of judges to form the International Court was dismissed in a few lines. Whenever a new judge is appointed in England, a little biography of him is printed, to let people know what his career has been. In few papers was it thought worth while to say, even in the briefest fashion, who the members of the International Court were. Long ago a nation was warned that it knew not the things which pertained unto its peace. That nation has been suffering for its frivolity ever since. Is there, I am sometimes inclined to wonder, a like retribution in store for us?

In any event, it is bound to be some time yet before we can escape from our troubles. Ever since the war ended there has been an unreasoning desire to spread the belief that 'now things are going to be all right.' I recollect suggesting to the editor of an illustrated paper, which came out soon after the Armistice with a cover on which the ship of Prosperity was seen sailing back among us, that he was offering too hopeful a prospect. He laughed at my belief that we were still a very long way from any return to our old conditions. 'You're a pessimist,' he said. 'We are in for such a trade-boom as the world has never seen.' I called to his mind a passage in which Bagehot described the years immediately succeeding the Great Peace after the Napoleonic Wars.

They were years, he wrote,

> of sullenness and difficulty. We had maintained a successful contest for existence. We had our existence and we had no more; our victory had been great, but it had no fruits. . . . Trade was depressed; the working-class singularly disaffected. . . . The Continental populations were poor, harassed, depressed. They could not buy our manufactures, for they had no money. The large preparations for a Continental export lay on hand; our traders were angry and displeased. . . . The lower orders in the manufacturing districts were, of necessity, in great distress. The depression of trade produced its inevitable results of closed mills and scanty employment. . . . A general insurrection, doubtless a wild dream of a few hot-brained dreamers, was fancied to have been really planned. . . . The public expenditure was beyond argument lavish. The income tax was of course heavily oppressive.
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> The capitalists who had created the new wealth were not socially at ease. Some of the wealthiest and most skillful became associated with the aristocracy, but it was in vain with the majority to attempt it. Between them and the possessors of hereditary wealth there was fixed a great gulf; the contrast of habits, speech, manners, was too wide.

My friend the editor pooh-poohed the idea of anything like this repeating itself. Yet we can see now that in every particular the consequences described by Bagehot are pressing upon the world to-day. Nor are better times yet at hand, though improvements are to be noticed; the light-hearted carelessness of politicians, entirely ignorant of the economic bases on which society rested, went too far before it was checked, to allow recovery to take place by any but slow degrees.

Most of those who are playing the parts of leaders to-day are men who would prefer to be honest, who would like to leave behind them names that would be honored as the names of those who brought back peace and sanity and comradeship after the long eclipse of those blessings. What they lack is courage. They dare not stand forth and recommend policies which might be at first unpopular. They take fright at the slightest symptom of waning confidence in their leadership. Only when

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they are sure that public opinion has already reached a point ahead of them, will they step forward to catch it up. In that lies the explanation of their being almost always 'too late' in their decisions. Mr. Lloyd George has the credit of making that phrase, but he has been himself one of the most blameworthy in waiting to see how the cat would jump.

Now that at last Mr. Lloyd George has discovered the dislike and distrust that the mass of intelligent English-speaking people feel toward the policy born of French fear, it may be too late to cancel its harmful consequences. No one can travel widely in Central Europe, as I have been doing for several weeks past, without feeling anxious as to the possibility of putting together again the economic machine upon the regular working of which depends the continuance of civilization as we know it. Populations, and in particular city populations, have grown far too large to exist in anything like comfort without that machinery. If they cannot exist in something like the comfort which they have learned to expect, they will turn their ears to the desperadoes of the Extreme Right or the Extreme Left, who are ready to take advantage of their despair.

Whichever of these gangs of crazy theorists should seize on power, the result would be confusion worse confounded. All Europe would be plunged into the same bath of misery and savage militarism — for these are the results wherever either of the extreme parties conducts the government. Nothing else can be expected, for extremists are always in fear of being ejected. They know that the mass of people, though it may for a moment have been deluded by their promises, is out of sympathy with them. They know that only a small number of fanatics either understand or care a button for their cut-and-dried formulæ. They are therefore in a state of nervous timidity, and can keep their hold on power only by means of terrorism, such as prevails in White Hungary and such as the Soviet Government in Russia has lately revived by executing a large number of people upon what seem mostly, even according to the official reasons published in the *Moscow Pravda*, to be quite inadequate grounds.

Militarism is everywhere the child of Fear. It was so in Germany under the Hohenzollerns, it was so in the Russia of the Tsars. Both dynasties were conscious that they could not continue as they were if public opinion were free; they were conscious of belonging to the Past; and, instead of wisely bringing themselves into conformity with the Present, they relied upon force for their support. That is what systems based on extreme views always have been, and always will be, forced to do, whether they base themselves upon the notion of Divine Right in dynasties, or upon book-theories as to the possibility of changing the structure of human society by violent measures and in the twinkling of an eye. With any system that is maintained by force, civilization, as we know it, is incompatible. Yet if good sense and moderation and care for the general welfare are not allowed to prevail as bases upon which the world may be rebuilt, then it is certain that extremists, either of the Monarchist or of the Communist variety, will impose their systems and support them by force and bring down civilization in ruins.

Should this happen, it will be the doing, not of the extremists themselves, but of the very men who are loudest in their denunciation both of Monarchist and Communist aims. What the rest of Europe does hangs chiefly upon what Germany does, and in Germany there is very little sympathy either with those who would go back to mon-

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archy or with the Bolshevist aims. The murder of Erzberger called forth all over the land demonstrations of devotion to the Republic which surprised even those who knew the German people well and had always considered them as the people most suited by their temperament and mentality to the republican form of government. Never was a political faith expressed with more earnestness than by the half-million meeting on the great square between the Cathedral and the Palace in Berlin. It was easy to see that the men and women who took part in it were not of the kind who make a practice of going to political demonstrations. They were quiet and determined, their intention was to show that they wanted to live in peace and good order, to earn their bread and bring up healthy children, and to free their country from its burdens of disability and debt. They showed by their presence and their resolute demeanor that they believed these desires could be best attained under the Republic, and that they detested the plottings that went on against it. None who have been among the German people lately in many different parts of the land can doubt that the great mass of them share these views.

Nor is there apparent among them any desire for a Communist oligarchy such as exists in Russia—Communist merely, in its composition and its methods scarcely distinguishable from bureaucratic Tsarism. Both the German Bolshevik and the Old Dynastic Gang which is continually plotting to get back, are ridiculed by the satirical papers; and even the advanced organs of the Left print denunciations of the undemocratic and unsympathetic attitude of Communist officials in Russia toward the people over whom they rule. In the *Freiheit* lately there was an amusing attack by a woman Socialist, who had been sent to Russia on a tour of investigation with two other comrades, on the poet Max Barthel, one of her traveling companions. The other was named Minck: he did not get on well with the Soviet officials. He asked questions which seemed to them to be unnecessary, as for example: 'Why do we have plenty of butter while the people have none? How is it that the officials have good clothes, while the people can hardly cover themselves with rags?' He said openly that it was useless to look for a Communist revolution in Germany, which, the officials complained, made their task of keeping the workmen quiet more difficult. Therefore Minck was made the victim of a trick which landed him in prison, and there he stayed for three months.

To this trick his companion Max Barthel was privy. He was on excellent terms with the conductors of the party. He praised everything, and as a reward got the warmest furs! When he was told in Ekaterinburg that only fox furs were to be had, he at once asked for a consignment to be sent to Moscow, for him to take back to Germany as a present to his wife. His contempt for 'the people' came out most strongly when the train on which the investigators were traveling was boarded one bitterly cold day by crowds of fugitives, men, women and children, who were trying to get away from Cheliabinsk after demobilization of the Red Army. When they saw there was plenty of room in the coaches occupied by the visitors, they tried to get in, but were kept off by soldiers, who told them, 'Reserved for foreigners.' The writer of the article in the *Freiheit* saw many poorly clad folk riding on the engine, with the mercury far below freezing. She went to the official in charge and said to him: 'We have two well-heated coaches, with two empty compartments and empty corridors. Why not let these

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poor freezing people come in with us?' To this the commissar returned a flat 'No,' and the poet said he was right; to let the refugees in would be 'anarchy.' And when his kinder-hearted companion remonstrated, he called her proposal a 'small bourgeois idea.' No wonder she said to him scathingly: 'You are evidently content to postpone the freedom and equality you talk so much about to a far-distant future.'

The painter Renoir was not far wrong when he told a friend who supported the Paris Communards in 1871: 'You don't see that, if the Commune comes out on top, your Communists will grow like the bourgeois, only far worse.' It is a truism with all who have read history to any purpose, that all who exercise power behave in much the same way, whatever label they may wear.

In Germany, therefore, neither the Monarchists nor the Communists have any great following: the mass of the people desire only that good order shall be kept and that they shall be able to go about their business without molestation. If the Monarchists are really a danger, as the Berlin government suggests, it is because French and British politicians, who profess to hate the Hohenzollerns, have made it very hard for a democratic ministry to content the German people.

Up to a month or so ago the Republic showed itself admirably tolerant of all opinions, even of those in favor of sweeping it away! It seemed to me, as I traveled through the country and found frequently portraits of the deposed Kaiser and his family displayed in public, and their names left unchanged on streets and bridges and museums, that the Germans had managed their revolution without the rancor and agitation which usually attend changes of this kind. I found also that there was a surprising liberty of opinion. In Frankfurt a meeting of Anarchists one Sunday morning was announced by placard; at Munich pictures of Prince Ludwig attending a ceremony (as a private person) were sold in all the shops; in Dresden, at the Opera, the box formerly reserved for royalty has still a crown and a large *A*, for Albert, over it; at Kissingen the bath establishment is still called *königlich*. In Count Reventlow's paper, *Der Reichswart*, I read an advertisement of a society which proclaimed its object to be the reëstablishment of monarchy, return to a federation of German states with Prussia as its head (in place of the unified Republic), and insistence upon 'the necessity of preserving those Prussian methods and qualities which made Prussia great.' At last, I thought, here is a democratic government strong and sensible enough to practise democracy. Alas, I was not able to hug that delusion for long.

The cowardly and stupid crime that took the life of Erzberger was made the excuse for a change of policy which cannot have been entirely due to that deplorable event. The Government appears to have been tolerant only because it felt itself weak. Dr. Wirth, the Chancellor, is a man of liberal professions. He began life as a schoolmaster, he has intellect as well as acuteness of mind, he has proved himself fitted for every position occupied by him since he took to politics. But in him, as in all who exercise power, the wish to dispose of opponents by summary means, instead of giving them rope and letting them hang themselves, overcomes, it would seem, the most enlightened principles.

If we were in his place, we should, I have no doubt, act in exactly the same way! The argument is simple and persuasive: 'Here are people preparing to overthrow the established order. If they succeed, even for a time, they will

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cause vast suffering and disturbance of interests. It is surely our duty to repress them as severely as we can.' Simple and persuasive — yes, to the many who have simple and easily persuaded minds! But it leaves out one very important consideration. Repression almost always strengthens instead of weakening those against whom it is aimed. In the whole history of religious persecution the only successes on record were against the Protestants in Spain, whom the Inquisition terrified out of existence; against those of Belgium, who were forced to emigrate; and against the Albigenses, who were wiped out. In every other case it will be found I think, that the weapon of the religious persecutor has run into his own hands. Political persecution has the same record.

There is excuse, it is true, for Dr. Wirth and his colleagues in the insolence of the Reactionaries. Ludendorff has been active, making speeches and reviewing processions and getting cheered by noodles, in spite of the contempt he drew upon himself at the time of the Revolution by his flight to Sweden under a Swedish name. There has been much talk of a repetition of the Kapp rising, which is said in Berlin, by the way, to have been largely due to the folly of a member of the British military mission in Berlin, who secretly encouraged the Kappists to believe they would get British support. The discontent due to the disastrous fall in the value of the mark, and to the rise in prices which goes with it, has been fanned by the Monarchists, and it has been persistently suggested that a republican government would never be able to get the Treaty of Versailles revised.

Tempting it is, no doubt, to strike at such enemies, to suppress their newspapers, to forbid their meetings. The temptation proved too strong for Dr. Wirth.

It is worth while to pause for a moment, to consider why this is the first principle of democracy. Is it not because the people's rule postulates a system which shall be willingly accepted by all, with the proviso that anyone, so long as he confines himself to argument, is at liberty to try and persuade his fellows to adopt some other system? Under a monarchy claiming divine right, or regarding a kingdom and its population as a landlord regards his estate and its inhabitants, it is unreasonable to look for freedom of opinion. No oligarchy of bureaucrats can be expected to allow all men to speak their minds; for the bureaucrat believes himself to be the superior and the natural master of those over whom he rules. But, for politicians who profess to rule in the name of the people, any repression of criticism, or even of argument in favor of some other system, is inconsistent and a denial of the faith they affect to hold.

Such lack of the quality which makes a leader is to be noticed in almost every country; it is one of the main causes of the continuing disquietude and distress throughout Europe. Take the disturbances in the Burgenland, the territory which Hungary was bound under the signature of her representatives to hand over to Austria. The government of Admiral Horthy in Budapest was willing enough to let the cession take place without trouble. But when a few agitators began to inflame the public mind, and when, in consequence, bands of 'patriots' resisted the coming in of the Austrian authorities, the Admiral and his colleagues weakly followed their discreditable lead. Instead of telling the nation frankly and courageously that there was no help for it and that treaty engagements must be honorably kept, they allowed themselves to be carried along in the wake of the dis-

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turbers, and brought upon their heads the guilt of murder, outrage, and robbery committed by both sides.

By their weakness, too, they have lost the sympathy with which the Hungarians were generally regarded by the rest of the world. I myself feel more inclined to sympathize with this people than I did before. Nothing can be worse for a nation than a government which considers itself obliged to keep up a great show of force, and is at the same time too feeble to take the line which it believes to be honest and wise. After the agreeable scarcity of soldiers in Germany and Austria, I suffered from oppression, in Hungary, on account of the numbers of troops to be seen everywhere, not merely in the capital, but all over the country. I was assured by Hungarian friends that Admiral Horthy was popular (though one of them admitted his pliant, indecisive character); it was, however, hard to believe that so offensive a show of militarism would be needed by a ruler in enjoyment of the people's confidence. My friends assured me that it was necessary to keep the Bolsheviki in awe. I put it to them that where there was a good government there could be no danger of Bolshevism, which was, I suggested, as much a symptom of bad government as diphtheria is a symptom of bad drains. They shrugged their shoulders and seemed to feel that anything was better than what they endured during the reign of Bela Kun.

Hungary is, in spite of its dismemberment, in a vastly better position than Austria. It has lost much, which ought never to have belonged to it, but its plains are rich with grain and cattle; its currency is worth two and a half times as much as that of Austria; it can feed itself pretty comfortably; and its bread, made of pure flour, is the best to be found in any part of Central Europe. Still, the Hungarians are not likely to remain content with the status of a purely agricultural and pastoral state; they will therefore be compelled sooner or later, to think about joining an economic league composed of the countries which were unwillingly bound up in the Austrian Empire — with Germany, it may be, included. This economic *Bund* is the most pressing need of the hour. Until the politicians of all these countries think a great deal more about material necessities and a great deal less about barren political issues, the peoples will continue to suffer. It is no use hoping that the mark and the crown and the other currencies will steady themselves, until budgets are framed so as to balance revenue against expenditure. When that happens, the necessity of printing more and more paper money every month will cease, and the exchanges will begin to recover a healthy tone.

Unhappily, the politicians of the new states are spending recklessly on preparations for war instead of trying to secure peace. The Czechs have been buying guns from the French — and got 'stung' by being fobbed off with old ones, it would seem. The Hungarians are keeping up a large army because, they say, they are afraid the Croats will attack them from the south. The Czechs fear both the Hungarians and the Poles; and so on. The formation of an economic league would go far to allay all these alarms. The peoples would see where their advantage lay; they would take no interest in political intrigues and adventures; they would work, and recover the prosperity which most of them used to enjoy.

This they are not likely to recover while cut-throat competition of the most stupid kind continues unchecked. Here is an instance of what I mean. At Pressburg, which is now disguised in Czech time-tables as Bratislava, the Czechoslovak government is planning

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the construction of a vast harbor in the Danube. Vienna, which is only a couple of hours or so higher up the river, has an excellent harbor already. But the Czechs want to cut out Vienna; they want to get hold of the entire Lower Danube trade, and to hinder 'the economic Germanization of Russia.' Also, they want the International Danube Commission to reside at Pressburg.

In the pursuit of these confused political and trade objects the Czechs are being supported by the French Government. It should be pointed out to them by the British Government that there can be no sense in building another harbor at enormous expense, simply to spite Austria. There is no need for it now, nor ever likely to be. Also, we ought to support Admiral Troubridge, the President of the Danube Commission, who wisely desires its residence to be either in Vienna or in Budapest. Pressburg is a provincial town, and Prague is not much better. To set them up as rivals of Vienna is laughable; to carry national animosity so far as to embark on immense and very costly schemes merely in order to damage a neighbor is mediæval in its short-sighted bitterness.

That bitterness is almost everywhere, not against peoples, but against states. Here we see, as in the obsession of governing men by politics, the result of the political virus. What really matters to all these countries is that they shall freely exchange their products and resources, that they shall 'live and let live.' When they do that, it will be immaterial what forms of government they favor. There will be little for governments composed of politicians to do. We are now beginning to see, at last, that too much importance has been attached to forms of government; that there has been far too much government everywhere; that this led us to the catastrophe of 1914; and that we must exert ourselves to reduce the business of managing public affairs to sane proportions, if we are to live secure and free. Why should there be any objection to Bavaria's governing itself, under a monarchy, if it chooses, while the other parts of the German Reich remain republican? Why should not little kingdoms and republics and grand duchies and free cities all exist peaceably, side by side, within an economic league, which would prevent them from setting up foolish and dangerous barriers against one another's produce and manufactures?

Uniformity of political system matters not at all, as the existence of the British Empire shows — democracy masquerades as monarchy, and monarchies are really republics, and a number of independent states, with varying systems of rule, pretend to be 'subject' to a throne which has no power over them at all. Given an arrangement as to freedom of trade and intercourse, what reason can there be for imposing or trying to reach by persuasion, identity of constitutional forms?

To compel people to remain under a system they dislike and want to get away from is a folly and a crime, whether it be committed by the president of a republic or by a Hapsburg emperor. It is odd that many who defend Ireland's claim to independence and who think the war was fought for the liberation of the communities under Austrian domination, should be unable to see that, from their own point of view, Lincoln's resolve to keep the South by force within the same political system as the North was indefensible. Nor is it less comical that the people in Southern Bavaria, who now demand separation politically from the rest of Germany should denounce as 'traitors' the Socialists of Northern Bavaria who wish to cut themselves off from the South! The idea of the sacredness of

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the political unit has become as burdensome a fetish as was once the insistence upon the need for religious unity. We must purge our minds of this new prejudice, as we have purged them of the old, before we can hope to make much advance.

Certainly the new countries in Balkanized Central Europe are helping to make all who visit them say that, if we really fought the war to erect small nationalities into independent states, we did a very foolish thing. They have become more militarist even than were the old states. They make all the trouble they can over passports. They behave with far more arrogance than is shown by great nations. In Hungary, for example, the railway time-tables extend only to the frontiers, as if no place outside those frontiers mattered. The railway maps end at the frontiers, also. If you want to go from Budapest to Vienna, you must search for a tiny reference to the Austrian capital, set among far-distant places with which it is just possible to make a connection.

Both in Hungary and in Czechoslovakia all languages but those spoken by mere handfuls of people are ignored. Names of streets and public notices are put up only in the local dialect. Even the 'nationality' of small peoples existent before the war has been absurdly inflamed. The Belgians refuse now to admit into Belgium holders of Austrian (and presumably German) passports. The Serbs behave with ridiculous insistence upon formality and bureaucratic punctilio. Yet all this furnishes, I think, no reason for more than passing amusement and pity. It is necessary for the little peoples to go through these infantile ailments. They have never had the chance to assert themselves before. They are without experience in self-government: it is natural enough that they should overdo the 'independent' attitude. 'Put beggars on horseback' — the proverb, though somewhat musty, almost always proves true. In a little while the swellings will subside, good sense will prevail, foolish pretensions will go by the board. Then there will be coöperation in place of insane efforts to prevent it. Then we shall see that it is well worth while to help those who were under alien and distasteful rule to secure the right to be governed as they choose.

While this is being written, it is still uncertain whether the Irish people will be in possession of that right; but there is good hope of the victory of common sense over the short-sighted folly which denies that anything is of value which does not satisfy the most extreme demands all at once. That any doubt of this victory should exist proves the difficult temper of the Celt in politics. The English have exalted compromise into the highest of political principles; the Scotch have made it a rule to take what they could get by installments, knowing that in time their full desire would be appeased. But the Irish, like the French, who are akin to them in Celtic ancestry, profess scorn for half-measures, push logic to its furthest bound, and frequently provoke people who consider politics as a matter of give-and-take, rather than a matter of hard-and-fast theory, into calling them unpractical, obstinate, impossible. It is this Celtic perversity which makes the French say that they must damage and humiliate Germany as much as possible, now they have got the chance. Happily there is strong likelihood that the Irish will not carry intransigeance so far as to refuse the terms now offered. If they were to do this, they would have to carry on their fight for freedom without the generous aid that has come to them for so long from America. They would also divide their own forces into two implacably hostile groups.

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BRITISH AND FRENCH DIPLOMACY: A CONTRAST

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

From *Le Revue de France, October* 1
(PARIS LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMI-MONTHLY)

THE problem of Anglo-French relations demands the attention of both the countries concerned. If these relations should become worse instead of better; if a break, or permanent estrangement, should come, the outlook for Europe and for the world in general, already none too reassuring, would necessarily become darker. No intelligent person can fail to recognize this.

Every effort should therefore be made to prevent such a mishap. But before we try to prescribe a remedy for the present difficulties, it might be well to seek an understanding of their nature. How does it happen that the Franco-British friendship, which was so intimate during the war, has now become chilled? Why has this happened? What events have led to it?

We often speak of British egoism. During frequent travels in England and prolonged sojourns there, I have had an opportunity to observe this trait: it appears to me to be not deliberative, but instinctive. It springs in the main from *insularity*. For centuries Englishmen have come to believe more and more in their superiority over others, simply because their island country allows them to lead a unique national life. They have no frontiers to defend, and the superiority of their fleet, which their dependence on foreign markets forces them to keep up in any case, protects them from invasion. They alone among European nations have been able to dispense with a standing army. For two hundred years they have had no internal revolutions, because their aristocracy not only strengthened its ranks by assimilating the best elements in the country, but yielded in due season to the onslaught of reform.

Having thus experienced neither invasion, conscription, nor sudden upheaval, the English have very naturally come to consider themselves as specially selected by Providence to enjoy certain advantages which are denied to the helpless nations of the Continent. Hence their inveterate habit of making themselves at home everywhere, and generally taking the lion's share, be it in public or private dealings. An Englishman does not put himself in the other man's place. He does not go out of his way in dealing with someone who yields easily. If an opponent resists feebly, the Englishman will encroach more and more on him; he will raise his demands day by day, and finally conclude a bargain that is absurdly one-sided. If, on the other hand, the opponent shows a determination equal to his own, the Englishman will soon give way, as a rule; but above all things, he will never lose his temper. What does it profit him to lose his temper when his interests are at stake, or when figures are in the balance?

At the time of the peace negotiations, Mr. Lloyd George openly displayed these habits and traditions of his race. He is reported to have said: 'After all, it is not my business to look out for the interest of France.' The interests of England, on the other hand, he guarded most effectively. President Wilson had hardly hurled his Fourteen Points like a

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pontifical message at the world, when the English, as if by instinct, announced their reservations and published their claims. Their demands were very simple: the destruction of the German fleet; the seizure of the German colonies and of the German merchant marine; and the preservation of British supremacy at sea. They put their cards on the table. One of these Fourteen Points — the one which dealt with the freedom of the seas — seemed contrary to their interests; so they declared their acceptance of it only in so far as it could be harmonized with these.

Nothing prevented us Frenchmen from doing likewise. Following the English example, we could have made our reservations in regard to Mr. Wilson's formula, and should have done so. We might well have urged our own claims, which were very simple, and at the same time very just. There was no need of concealing or dissimulating them. What we needed first and above all was *security*. Just as England had almost the whole German fleet delivered into her hands, we should have insisted on the immediate and practically complete disarmament of Germany, including the destruction and handing over of all cannon, and virtually all machine-guns and rifles.

England is protected by her fleet and by the ocean. We are protected by nothing. A united Germany of sixty million people, standing alongside a country of thirty-eight millions, remains a continuing source of danger for the latter. We accordingly need a *military frontier*, that is, the Rhine; and in default of annexing the Rhineland (which no one here desired), the complete neutralization of that territory.

Our second interest, quite as important, concerns the reparations. Our devastated provinces should have been restored immediately. We should have claimed unequivocal rights of priority, and demanded the guaranty of our allies for this restoration.

Even before President Wilson landed in Europe, France should have announced these claims to the whole world. Unfortunately, M. Clemenceau and his group chose a different course. When, after being demobilized in January, 1919, I returned to my post, as foreign-affairs editor of the *Figaro*, my first duty took me to see my friend, M. Pichon, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs. It will be remembered that, during the initial weeks of the Peace Conference, questions concerning the frontiers of Slovakia, of Poland, of Rumania, and so forth, were discussed day after day without much order or system. Everyone was urging his pet demands. We alone were asking for nothing. I must confess, thinking this reticence rather excessive, I could not help calling it to the attention of M. Pichon. 'Hush,' whispered this canny statesman, with one finger on his lips. 'M. Clemenceau has his own ideas on this matter. Just let him have his way. The claims of France are not to come *until the last*. Besides, there will be no difficulty about them, anyway.'

These words set me to thinking. I was not in the least impressed by such optimism. I cannot say that I put much faith in this plan of deferring action. 'Why on earth,' I thought, 'should we put off our demands till some later time? Would it not be more frank, and at the same time more diplomatic, to state them now? Waiting makes it look as if we had something to conceal.'

President Wilson arrived in Europe with his *idée fixe:* the League of Nations. The idea itself was excellent; but everything depended upon the selection of the right moment for bringing it to the front. Before spending time in

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discussing the prevention of future wars, it was essential to deal with the consequences of the war just ended; in other words, the Peace Treaty should have been negotiated. Even that was none too simple a task. Peace should have come first, and the League of Nations second.

But President Wilson was determined to reverse this order. He insistently demanded that provision for the League of Nations be made immediately, and that the Peace Treaty should be incorporated with it. The fusion of these two projects, which really embodied quite distinct things, was the reason why the American people, hostile for the most part to the League of Nations as it had been set up, rejected it, and with it the Treaty of Peace as well.

Since we needed the President's support for our cause, and to counterbalance England, we had every reason not to oppose him in this matter. But it appears that we did not rally to him quickly enough. We made too much fun of his League of Nations.

The English were much more crafty. Mr. Lloyd George from the outset understood the psychology of Mr. Wilson. During Mr. Wilson's visit to London, Lloyd George put himself entirely on the President's side: he accepted the plan for the League; he helped to put it through, and by this means obtained all he wanted later, without having to insist on his claims. Thus he had his way about the German colonies, the German ships, the supremacy of the British fleet, and so on.

A kind of Anglo-American *bloc* was formed, which M. Clemenceau all too frequently found in his path during the most important discussions at the Conference — for example, when questions relating to the Rhine, or the Saar, or to reparations were being settled. Mr. Lloyd George rather over-indulged the habit of making his own opinions prevail; a habit which has always characterized him.

The agreements signed by M. Clemenceau and his colleagues were disadvantageous to us. I am sincere when I say that I am not writing this sentence for the pleasure of indulging in profitless recriminations. But — the facts themselves prove it daily — the treaty gives us none of the indispensable safeguards which we had every right to claim. Military guaranties are lacking, by reason of the non-ratification of the Treaty of Alliance with England and America, which was to take the place of a military barrier on the Rhine. The restoration of our devastated provinces is not assured, since we have obtained neither the right of priority nor the guaranty of our two principal allies, England and America.

England has been paid with *real things:* the German colonies, and the German ships. We, for our part, have had little more than *promises.*

To understand the sequel, one must go back to the beginning. From a disadvantageous treaty nothing but a series of equally unfavorable understandings and agreements could spring. It must be admitted, of course, that the successors of M. Clemenceau have faced an extremely difficult task. Mr. Lloyd George, during his manifold negotiations at Boulogne, at San Remo, and at Spa, has guarded the interests of his country with habitual keenness and unwillingness to compromise. It is to be noted, moreover, that in all these conferences it was invariably Lloyd George and his immediate colleagues, especially Maurice Hankey, who represented England, whereas the French delegates changed almost every time. Thus M. Leygues succeeded M. Millerand, and was in turn followed by M. Briand; M. Doumer succeeded M. François-Marsal, and so on. This was,

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of course, an important factor in our diplomatic inferiority. One day, when I was walking with Marshal Foch, at Spa, he said to me: 'In all the conferences which I attend, I always see the same English faces; on our side there are always new ones. One can't help thinking about it.'

Having at each of these conferences obtained all she desired from Germany, without being obliged to thresh out questions a second time, England gradually fell into the habit of playing the rôle of arbiter between Germany and ourselves. The needs of British industry and commerce naturally inspired the English to desire a tranquil and peaceful Germany, which should not be obliged, by threats of force, to make payments. Ask any Englishmen you meet, — I have often tried this experiment myself, — and you will find that, when you speak to him of the sums which Germany still owes Great Britain, he will simply laugh at you, because he is convinced that the English will never see one penny of it. They gave up hope of these payments from the start, and without much regret, for they consider themselves already paid. Unfortunately, we cannot do likewise. If Germany does not pay us, in cash or in kind, we shall be utterly unable to rebuild our devastated regions, or to balance our budget!

That is the way things stand. In France, where questions of sentiment dominate politics to a greater or less extent, one can easily detect a growing coolness toward England. The general public feels that the English, having received their lion's share, are seeking in every way to prevent us from getting ours — to keep from us the fruits of victory. In England, on the other hand, the irritation against France is constantly increasing. We are accused of mercilessly aiming to crush Germany, or constantly brandishing the sabre, and disturbing the peace of Europe.

Such is, in outline, the state of mind in each country. Undoubtedly, there are a good many more misunderstandings on both sides. But even after such misunderstandings are cleared away, — by no means a simple task, — some very serious differences remain. That fact it is useless to deny. The question is, how can these differences be best adjusted? How can the accord and coöperation which are so necessary for both nations be ensured?

Only by a frank discussion of the difficulties can this result be achieved. We must carefully distinguish the essential from the trivial. We must insist on the first and be ready to yield the second. Now, the essential thing above all others is our security from Germany; and next comes the restoration of the devastated regions, which are essential to our existence. In our dealings with England all our energies should be directed toward these two goals. We should say to England: 'The guaranty which you and America promised us in the form of an alliance has vanished into thin air. When, in three years, or in ten, the question of the evacuation of the Rhine arises, our immediate interest, which is the protection of our country, will oblige us to seek a new guaranty. All we ask is that we attempt to look for one together. Help us to find it. But we shall insist without flinching on the need of some guaranty.'

In the second place, if Germany does not at least pay for the damage which she has wrought, we must force her to pay, or perish ourselves. Rather than have recourse to arms, which we are reluctant to use, as we have often demonstrated, let us seek some way of making Germany pay. We will not and cannot cancel what is due us. On this point we cannot possibly yield.

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Compared with these two issues all others appear secondary.

A substantial part of British public opinion — the most honest and wholesome part — still feels much sympathy for us. That is an important fact which we can take into account. England, after all, is a country of 'gentlemen,' who know what honor means and who keep their word. One must nevertheless understand how to deal with them. They should be enlightened about many matters; for they are not, by the nature of things, much interested in continental affairs.

From every point of view it is advisable for France to adopt a frank, loyal, and open policy toward Germany, be it in matters of security or of reparations. We should like nothing better than to come to an understanding with the German Democrats. But we are, nevertheless, obliged to keep a sharp eye on affairs beyond the Rhine. The position of the German Democracy is none too stable — far from it. A return to power of the military reactionaries is quite possible, not to say probable. And we well know what such a restoration would bode for us!

In our dealings with England the attitude and influence of America will be decisive. It behooves us to make every effort to render our relations with the United States as cordial and intimate as possible. The impending journey of Marshal Foch cannot fail to have a happy influence in that direction.

And, finally, France must play with firmness and decision the part which belongs to her in Europe. She must gather around her all the young states which have been born or greatly increased in size as a consequence of the common victory — Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia. She must strengthen her relations with Belgium.

Fortified by these friendships, we shall be able to treat with England on an equal basis, and then we shall have every chance of coming to an understanding with her; for England greatly respects the strong.

SILENCE

BY MARGARET BROWN

[*The Bookman*]

Out of an empty heart I made you songs
For singing in your absence; and it seemed
Easy enough to speak of all I dreamed;
Easy enough to clothe with words my need;
Simple, indeed,
Out of an empty heart to make you songs!

Now that my heart is filled, my words are spent:
I bring you gifts of silence! Love is wise,
And stills my lips to speak from out my eyes!
Wherefore, look long and deeply, love, for so
Silence shall show
How that my heart is filled — and my words spent.

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HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL

[*September 27 was the hundredth anniversary of Amiel's birth.*]

From *The Times Literary Supplement, September 29*
(Northcliffe Press)

'If we look,' says Benedetto Croce, at the end of the most suggestive chapter of his book on the writing of history, 'merely at the enormous amount of psychological observations and moral doubts accumulated in the course of the nineteenth century by poetry, fiction, and the drama, those voices of our society, and consider that in great part it remains without critical treatment, some idea can be formed of the immense amount of work that it falls to philosophy to accomplish.'

Whether the traditionalist would call the work that Croce indicates philosophy or history or criticism is of no particular account; what is important is that it remains to be done. Until it is done, the twentieth century will always be liable to be puffed up with a conceit of its superiority to a century which it has not yet troubled to understand.

It is true there are signs in England of a fashionable reversion to the Victorian era; it is being exhibited as a curiosity with patient skill. But the Victorianism which may have a present vogue is a very local and limited variety of the consciousness of the nineteenth century; it does not contain England's contribution to that consciousness. The work of isolating and estimating that contribution is eminently a work of seriousness, and seriousness — the σπουδαιότης for which Matthew Arnold so strongly pleaded — is not the quality most frequently demanded or supplied to-day. The very word jars on a modern ear. To be serious is to be solemn; to be solemn, portentous. Yet, it is silly to approach the England of the Oxford Movement, of Maxwell and Huxley and Arnold, of Thomas Hardy, in a superficial mood. The depths of these men were troubled. If we can see their agonies only as grimaces, we had better leave them alone. A time when Mr. Chesterton can declare publicly, and be publicly praised for declaring, that Mr. Hardy is 'the village atheist brooding over the village idiot,' is not the best time for attempting the work which Croce indicates.

But the time will come, and the work will be done. Not until the twentieth century is fully aware of the nineteenth, and has exerted itself to put a valuation upon its achievement, will it have the strength for an achievement of its own. When the work is being done, and nineteenth-century England is being seen in its true relation to the European consciousness of the period, Henri-Frédéric Amiel will be one of the landmarks in the survey. He may even be a basis for the triangulation, as a piece of flat, unbroken, compact ground serves best for the certain measurement of the great peaks on the horizon.

The nineteenth century was complex and Titanic, — a *sæculum mirabile* if ever there was one, — a century difficult to comprehend by reason of the magnitude of the peaks that rose from it. In it Amiel appears like one of those little convex mirrors which reflect, in bright and distinct minuscule, the colossal landscape on to which the window opens. All the potentialities are there, none of the realizations. He is a

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microcosm of the moral effort and moral perturbation of a century in which moral effort and perturbation reached a climax. Now that we are in the trough of the wave, weary and impatient beforehand of the attempt to penetrate into the significance of a Tolstoi, a Nietzsche, or a Dostoevsky, it is well that we should have a miniature in Amiel, to remind us that this was a pygmy in the days when there were giants.

From the days of Rousseau until the end of the nineteenth century, the European mind was concentrated upon a moral problem. It is sometimes said that the nineteenth century was the century of science; but it was the moral, the religious, in a word, the humane interest of science which riveted men's minds. They waited on tip-toe to see what light science would cast on the problem of man's place in the universe. It was a century which accepted the fact that the universe could no longer be regarded as anthropocentric. It opened with Rousseau's intoxicated chant of freedom, proclaiming that 'man was born good.' The paraphernalia of divinely sanctioned institutions could be swept away without fear, for the Kingdom of Heaven was within men. Within a few years his disciples were teaching the world that the kingdom of hell was there also.

The problem of the nineteenth century was the problem of morality without institutions. The institution of the State was reduced to a matter of majorities, and progressively worse-educated majorities; the institution of the Church, to a department of the State, or an antiquarian relic. Religion and morality might possibly be psychological needs, but they might prove to be psychological illusions — or, at least, no more than psychological habits evolved for the better protection of the triumphant herd; certainly the structure of the universe and the processes of animal life provided no endorsement for them. The earth and all that is therein was a trivial incident in the incomprehensible cosmic adventure. How were men to live? Where was a sanctioned principle of conduct to be found? In pursuit of the answer arose that amazing company of 'God-seekers,' to use the simple and majestic Russian name, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Hardy, or their fellows, like Baudelaire and Stendhal, who affected the Stoic part and turned an impassive face on the chaotic and incomprehensible world. Whatever their differences, these great figures of the nineteenth century were occupied with a single problem — to discover a morality.

To this company Amiel belonged. Probably he was the smallest and least vigorous among them, but to them he indisputably belonged. With his intellect he accepted the universe of science, with his heart he admitted the necessity or religion and morality. He spent his life trying to find a place for the one in the other. In his intense and unremitting effort to reconcile them he reached strange ecstasies and strange despairs. He sounded in his soul the whole octave of the nineteenth century consciousness, and left a record of his experiences in a book which has become, as it deserved to become, a minor classic of the century he lived in.

Amiel lived his life as a professor of æsthetics and philosophy in the Academy of Geneva. He wrote some poetry and translated more; he also wrote a little criticism. But the finest passages of his *Il Penseroso* are so reticent that they need the *Journal* to give them substance; and the best of his published criticism is below the level of the incidental estimates in the *Journal*. All Amiel is there. Only there did his rare and delicate gift of expression find the protection in which it could expand; it

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was not strong enough to endure any but the tempered and incense-laden air of posthumous publication. The true creator does not fear to give hostages to fortune, and to deliver to the mercies of the world books in which only one half his thought is expressed; he risks misunderstanding, in the confidence that what is to come will fill out the skeleton of what is past. 'Continuez vos ouvrages' said Galiani to Madame d'Epinay; 'c'est une preuve d'attachement à la vie que de composer les livres.' But Amiel was not attached to life; to him the thought of incompleteness and misinterpretation was a perpetual terror; and he chose, in the little work he did publish, rather to conceal than to reveal his thought, and preferred in poetry minutiæ of form to adequacy of content.

This horror of exposure, which stultified the literary production of his lifetime, was only a particular manifestation of the fear of life which marked him from the beginning for its own. In his inward experience it emerged as a terror of moral responsibility. Like all the elements of his composition, in the process of his painfully scrupulous investigation of himself, it assumed the most unlikely disguises. And perhaps the most striking quality of Amiel's introspection — a perfect type of intellectual introspection — is the self-deception it contained. Sometimes, indeed, he had a blindingly clear sight of his own nature; but, quite as often, the illusion was complete. Time after time he diagnosed his disease as *maladie de l'idéal*. He was so enamored of perfection, he believed, that he could not accept the imperfect; so desirous of the whole, that he could not be satisfied with the part, whether of knowledge or even of life itself. He could not love for fear his love might be less than the perfect consummation he dreamed of; he could not give himself to work because to know one thing perfectly meant to know all things. In other words, he refused to be anything else than God. That is, of of course, an uncharitable description of a nature so fine as Amiel's; but in a substance so subtle it is peculiarly necessary to separate, even with a blunt and brutal instrument, the part of self-deception from the core of truth. That Amiel was in love with the ideal, no one can doubt. Perfect truth, perfect love, perfect beauty, perfect harmony were dreams that truly haunted him. But it was not the contrast between the poverty of the real and the richness of the ideal that froze the veins of action in him: it was 'thinking too precisely on the event'; it was fear.

The *malade de l'idéal* is a *malade imaginaire*. The ideal, if it is present to a mind at all, as it was to Amiel's, is a spur, not an obstacle, to action. When it is put forward as the cause of inaction we may be sure that the diagnosis is romantic and untrue. It recurs continually in the earlier portion of Amiel's *Journal*, but it disappears in the later years. Then Amiel recognized that his disease was fear. He was afraid of the menacing universe which his mind held before him; he was devoured by the misgiving that every act was a mere venturing of the hand into the spinning cogwheels of the huge, implacable machine, — 'l'engrenage terrible de la souffrance humaine et de la responsabilité humaine,' — just as, in the microcosm of literature, he felt that to express his thoughts was only to draw the clumsy misinterpretations of a hostile criticism upon his head. It was a consciousness of the sheer danger of living that drove him back upon himself; he peeped out of his tiny window to the grim waste of life, unlit by any purpose, and he drew back in dismay.

Amiel could not take the plunge into life, not because it was imperfect, but because it was cruel. This was the fundamental verity in the man. What are

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of absorbing and permanent interest are the strange metamorphoses which this fear underwent in the crucible of his intellect. Melancholy and diffidence were familiar to the human spirit long before the Copernican revolution; perhaps *tædium vitæ* is as old as humanity. But the conviction that the universe is indifferent has opened a new chapter in the history of the 'ennui commun à toute personne bien née.' The distinction between the instinct and the intellect of Amiel is therefore logical rather than psychological. His intellectual apprehension of the indifference of the universe was the nurse, though not the parent, of his fear.

It was natural that the effort to overcome this fear in the realm of the intellect should hold the chief place in Amiel's record of his inward struggles. The process of the intellect is clear; a man's deeper evolution is not. Besides, he had somehow to *prove* that the universe was not indifferent. That was impossible, as it has always been. An act of faith is necessary, as Dostoevsky knew when he created Aloysha. But that act of faith, in spite of all his passing self-deceptions, was impossible to Amiel; and it may even be that in this one respect his analysis was keener than that of the great Russian. Amiel tried to accept the process of becoming, of birth and death and pain in the universe, as a mighty and indivisible whole. It was one; therefore, surely, it was a harmony. Man could fall down and worship it, he could acknowledge in his soul that, like a great work of art, it could not be otherwise. To take away the suffering and the evil would be to cut the warp from the woof of the sublime pattern. Man could bow himself, not ignobly, not without joy, to this vision of necessity. Who can tell whether it was not this doubtful beatitude that entered Alyosha's soul when he fell upon the earth and wept at the vision of harmony? We do not know what lay in store for Dostoevsky's latest hero.

But Amiel, who knew this condition of frozen ecstasy, also knew that it was not real acceptance.

> Il n'y a pas de paix que dans la réconciliation avec la destinée, quand la destinée parait religieusement bonne, c'est-à-dire, quand l'homme se sent directement en présence de Dieu. Alors seulement la volonté acquiesce. Elle n'acquiesce même tout à fait que lorsqu'elle adore. L'âme ne se soumet aux duretés du sort qu'en découvrant une compensation magnifique, la tendresse du Tout-Puissant. (August 16, 1875.)

Perhaps he never formulated quite clearly to himself the difference between a true religious acceptance and the ecstasy of self-immolation on the altar of the cosmic process; they are extremely subtle states of mind. The basis of the one is moral, the basis of the other æsthetic. It may be that language is impotent to distinguish these impulses in their supreme manifestations; but they are not the same. Amiel may not have defined the difference, but he knew it, as doubtless many wise old Popes in the history of the Church have known it.

One thing is necessary, Amiel repeats again and again — *l'abandon à Dieu.* But where and what could God be for him? Try as he may, — and the agony of his effort is apparent to the least sympathetic reader of his journal, — to give his Deity substance, he finds Him always dissolving away into the same indifferent and undifferentiated cosmic process. In his earlier days he had managed to persuade himself that he could enter by force of imagination into all beings and forms of life, and that this illusory expansion of the self was communion with God. When the illusion began to fail, he comforted himself, like

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the men of Athens, by erecting an altar to the Unknown God.

Sois dans l'ordre toi-même, et laisse à Dieu le soin de débrouiller l'écheveau du monde et des destinées. Qu'importe le néant ou l'immortalité? Ce qui doit être, sera; ce qui sera, sera bien. (April 24, 1869.)

There he is on the road to a pure agnosticism. Three years later his disabusement is complete.

La sagesse consiste à juger le bon sens et la folie, et à se prêter à l'illusion universelle sans en être dupe. Entrer dans le jeu de Maia, faire de bonne grâce sa partie dans la tragi-comédie fantasque qu'on appelle l'Univers, c'est le plus convenable pour un homme de goût qui sait folâtrer avec les folâtres, et être sérieux avec les sérieux.

The moral fact, as Amiel elsewhere says, is also a fact. The consciousness of sin and the longing for duty are, indeed, facts. But they are very variable facts, which offer hardly more resistance to his analysis than the fact of a divinely ordained universe. Was the notion of duty to which he clung so desperately more substantial than the straw grasped by a drowning man? What was he in fact to do? To play his part in the game of Maia? Whatever he did, he would be doing that, no less than the murderer and the liar. To do good to his neighbor? But what was good? Was it good, for instance, to tell his students at Geneva the truth about the Universe as he perceived it? His conscience gave him no answer to that. To do his part in diminishing the suffering of the world? To that and nothing more the duty of the skeptic slowly dwindles down. It is indeed, not a little; but, alas, it also may be dissolved away.

Amiel did not choose the method of Dostoevsky's terrifying heroes, who deliberately violated this last dictate of conscience to see what might happen, and discover whether the whisper of conscience was only the last illusion of all. Amiel was not the man to put his contemplation into action; but contemplation itself was potent enough to dissolve away the duty of diminishing suffering. The part of suffering in the history of humanity was undeniable. If it was unnecessary, then the Universe was either a chaos or the work of a satanic power; if it was necessary, it was lost labor to try to diminish it. So the tender-hearted Amiel, to whom in his youth war had seemed the last futility of a blind ignorance, was driven at the last into the hateful position of justifying war.

Les maudisseurs de la guerre ressemblent à ceux qui maudissent la foudre, les orages, ou les volcans; ils ne savent ce qu'ils font. La civilisation tend à pourrir les hommes, comme les grandes villes a vicier l'air. *Nos patimur longæ pacis mala.* (March 20, 1880.)

These are the very accents of the philosophers of militarism. On the lips of Amiel, a year before his death, they sound strangely indeed.

Thus the last duty of man turned to ashes. Amiel spent his life in obeying a conscience he could not believe in and fulfilling a duty that was meaningless to him. Everything he touched with those timid, delicate, reverential fingers dissolved away. The words remained, but the substance was lost.

L'être moral peut moraliser ses souffrances en utilisant le fait naturel pour son éducation intérieure. Ce qu'il ne peut changer, il l'appelle la volonté de Dieu, et vouloir ce que Dieu veut lui rend la paix. (Sept. 1, 1874.)

Again, it is the unsubstantial God of a pure agnosticism. Though he may have deceived himself for the moment, he knew there was no peace to be found in that submission. Not a year had passed before he declared that 'il n'y a pas de paix que lorsque la destinée parait religieusement bonne.' A destiny which

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consists only in the things which we long to change but cannot, and a God whose single attribute it is that He wills those things, were not to be worshiped by Amiel — he could not so far abrogate his humanity.

Nothing but Stoic renunciation was left. The word 'God' emptily reverberates through the last pages of his journal. By some curious process of self-hallucination, he declared to the last that he believed in God; but it was an assertion of the desire to believe, not of belief. He was utterly cast out from life; his rebellion had ended in nihilism, his promise in disaster. He thought back on what he had done. Nothing. *Omnis moriar*, he wrote bitterly. Let us hope that even then he knew that the record of his seeking was imperishable. Centuries hence, when the struggles and disenchantments and despairs of the nineteenth century may be no more real than the vague memory of an uneasy dream, Amiel will be known and loved and pitied.

Perhaps the healthy and tough-minded pity him now, if they read him. But their pity is more likely to be the pity of ignorance than of understanding. Amiel's travail of mind cannot be thrust aside. It does not belong to the past, but to the present, and still more to the future. Men have discovered God in our own day. But it is doubtful whether the Invisible King is more substantial than Amiel's Maia. God, to be God, must be seen and known and loved, or He is no more than eternal illusion, a romantic expansion of the self into a universe which is not self at all. On the one side there is religion, which can abate nothing of its claim to a truly personal God; on the other side there is an indifferent universe. Amiel's *Journal* is a demonstration that will hold good for all time, that the attempt to find a third way between these opposites is a barren self-deception.

The search for a morality remains, unsatisfied; it even seems that it is neglected now, as an unfashionable relic of a bygone era. The misty religion of the new evangelists will not provide one; and the new psychology is so interpreted that it is become a mere corrosive of responsibility. Nevertheless, an intellectual age which neglects morality will itself be neglected; for the desire to be good is one of the deepest longings of the human heart. Without the discipline of morality life wastes itself in the desert sands. A culture which is blind to this necessity is inevitably futile; it has lost the power of seeing life steadily and whole; it has lost the driving force of the creative passion which springs only from a deep acknowledgment that morality is essential to the conduct of human life. The strength of a truly great writer endures, either because he builds upon the foundations of a morality which he accepts, or because he is animated by the intense desire to discover one. The greatest writers, as Tchekov said, have always had axes to grind.

Amiel's title to remembrance rests, in the last resort, upon his profound conviction of the necessity of morality. However dark the nihilism into which his analysis led him, he proclaimed the truth that 'le fait moral est aussi un fait.' The moral fact, it is true, was the desire for morality and not a morality, as his declaration of belief in God was a declaration of his desire to believe, not of belief. But he saw also that 'la civilisation est surtout une chose morale.' That is to say, he never lost touch with the prime reality of life. It is this moral preoccupation that gives dignity and significance to his *Journal*. Matthew Arnold's failure to respond to this dominant quality in Amiel makes his essay irrelevant and superficial. That Amiel had a singularly acute critical intuition is true, though Arnold managed to miss

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the finest manifestation of it. Amiel's analysis of Chateaubriand's relation to Rousseau belongs to an order of criticism altogether higher than the remarks on Sainte-Beuve, which Arnold quoted admiringly. By discovering no more in Amiel than a literary critic who had missed his vocation, he came near to proving that he had missed his own.

In the last balance the positive morality of Amiel is purely Stoic, but he was a Stoic who had a clear intuition of the insufficiency of Stoicism. Morality, he knew, was a discipline; he knew also that it was not enough to suffer the discipline: he must surrender himself to it. This act of surrender was impossible to him, but he saw how it might be achieved without disloyalty to the truth that his intellect declared to him.

'It can even become religion.' When we have sifted away all the contradictions in Amiel, this positive indication alone remains; when we have followed him along all the paths by which he sought peace, in vain, this road alone remains open through 'the high uno'erleaped mountains of necessity.' It was Amiel's bitter fate that he could not enter upon it.

UNPUBLISHED PORTIONS OF AMIEL'S JOURNAL

[*Much interest has been aroused in Europe by the publication of portions of Amiel's* Journal Intime *which have hitherto remained practically unknown. The* Revue de Genève *is enabled to publish the passages which are here translated, through the permission of M. Bernard Bouvier, with whom the entire manuscript is deposited. It is to this manuscript that M. Paul Bourget referred in his recent article in* The Living Age.]

From Revue de Genève, September
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

March 3, 1849. — Are you not wasting your life? Are not indulgence, timidity, and the scattering of your energies destroying your future? You despise the gift of God that is in you. You dare not see what you ought to be and then be it. You confuse intention with strength, that is to say, your own will with the will of God. You must at any price achieve superiority, that is to say, special knowledge. And yet how much more talent have you than anybody else? Or rather, where do you find intellectual peace, satisfaction? In the serene majesty of great thoughts and grand horizons; in the philosophy of history and of religions. I forget myself for long stretches of time in the spheres within me, but it is only in the high mountain of contemplation that I realize what I am. Pontiff of the infinite life, Brahmin adoring destiny, the calm wave reflecting and condensing the rays of the universe — in a word, it is contemplation that attracts me. 'To be master of myself as well as of the universe,' to be the consciousness of everything and of myself, and to symbolize it in words for others by some imposing and solitary work. In desiring too much to do your duty to the individual, to the end, and to the occasion, you are losing yourself and falling from the eternal summits.

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March 12, 1851 (3 P.M.). — Why do I want to weep? Or why to sleep? The languor of spring, the need of affection. I come back from a walk in the warm sunlight of a pleasant early afternoon which penetrates the very marrow. Everything in yourself seems empty, vain, poor, when nature talks of love. Books are repugnant to you. Action makes you smile with disdain. Music, poetry, and prayer alone have enough softness to correspond with your secret desire. They are the only nests of down where the sorrowful and sensitive soul can take its rest without bruising itself. Science is too hard, distraction too feelingless, thought too swift. Happy are those who can sing. They can put their suffering to sleep. They gather up their tears in a crystal prism. The companion of my walk has gone to his piano. I have opened my journal. He will be consoled more quicklythan I.

Is it our ordinary life which is false, or its impressions which play us false? Neither the one nor the other.

Springtime is as good as winter; the soul ought to temper and harden itself; it ought also to open and expand. Regard each new need which appears in your heart. It is a revelation. It is the voice of nature, which wakes you to a new sphere of existence; it is the larva, which trembles and bursts into the butterfly. Do not suppress your sighs! Do not revel in your tears. They announce either an unknown grandeur, or a forgotten treasure, or a virtue which is drowning and calls for help. Sorrow is good, for it causes one to know good. Dreaming is wholesome, for it presages a more beautiful reality. Aspiration is divination, for it prophesies the infinite, and the infinite is Maia, laughing or sombre form of God.

The greatness of a being is proportionate to his needs. Tell me what you want and I will tell you what you are. However, you will say there is something greater than aspiration, and that is resignation. True, but it is not passive and sad resignation, which is enervating, but the determined and certain resignation, which is force. One is a privation, for it is nothing but a regret. The other is a possession, for it is a hope. Look closely, and you will see that this resignation is nothing but a higher aspiration. Thus the law stands.

August 1, 1852. — I have acquired a first maturity, that of youth culminating in virility. I think it is poetic maturity, that which understands mankind rather than men, and which encloses reality in the ideal. All maturity gives calm, and calm is favorable to production. The work that can spring from this maturity is *The History of the World Within, the Divine Comedy of the Soul* — another *Faust*, more complete and more human — in the form of a poem, a monologue, or a dream, in poetic form rather than scientific. After this work, which overmasters them, may come others — like planets or satellites in a system, like microcosms in a macrocosm, like episodes in an epic, like organs in an organism, like individual sketches in an immense fresco — the works of criticism, philosophy, history, literature, and so forth.

At bottom each man bears within him a latent poem and a system. It is his inner and celestial idea. The superior man realizes and discerns it. The man of talent lets it force a way out in gusts, by crevasses, by volcanic sighs, so to speak, but he remains after all, a dark planet reflecting light without producing it from his own bosom. The man of genius manifests it and gives it form. He achieves transparency for himself, or more often, a luminous outburst for others. He is no longer a planet, but a star. — I am scarcely at the first stage, and it is only there that I detach myself a little from the crowd. I

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have sometimes set foot on the second step, but I have not established myself there. Shall I ever arrive at the third? For that, one must have a daring persistence and a power of growth which I have never yet had and which, no doubt, I never shall. Timidity, inconsistence, greed for learning — these are my three obstacles. If I can acquire the confidence in myself, the perseverance, and the productive ardor, without taking refuge in ambition, and solely to obey my own law, to be what I ought to be, then it is possible that I may climb a few paces up the ladder of comprehension.

For that one must be silent. One must have a definite purpose. One must not scatter his efforts, his will, and his curiosity; must avail himself of the crowd without giving himself over to it; not scatter himself in words or his verve in plans, or his work in mere bagatelles. To carry into everything the sentiment of the infinity of things, into every work the sentiment of the great work of which it is the part and the fragment; like celestial bodies, to follow the great orbit even while accomplishing the daily revolution — that is the condition of every fine life.

. . . The sign of a vocation is to do something better than anybody else. Now, the quality in which I surpass all my friends is the inner sagacity of psychological analysis, the finesse of sympathetic and objective intuition, and the extreme elasticity of perception. In short, the extent, delicacy, and mobility of the spiritual consciousness. Consequence: I can better understand mankind and all its real or possible varieties. I can better understand all forms of humanity, and even of the individual human being, by means of this faculty of infinitely subtle metamorphosis which distinguishes me. It harms me even while it often lets me escape from myself. It would be ingenious to make use of it. The gift of psychological metamorphosis, that perhaps is my essential and distinctive gift.

I can live all lives, take part in all existences, and sink myself in them. My task ought to be to serve myself even while I abandon myself. All this I have already learned and forgotten. That is the inconvenient quality of my nature; it is easily stirred, but without memory.

March 27, 1854. — If to write is, as Buffon says, at once to think properly, to feel properly, and to interpret properly, then to write badly is at once to think badly, to feel badly, and to interpret badly. It is the effect and the punishment of a disorder of the spirit, of feeling, or of will. Its cause is a certain lack of scruple and a failure in insight. The writer is the man who follows his thought, his sentiment, and his will to the very end, and criticizes himself to the very last detail. He is the severe and complete thinker. In fact, expression is an essential part of truth, and the art of expression is the practical part of the art of thinking. Respect for truth imposes perfect exactness in language. A good choice of words, like exactness in reasoning, is the probity of the intelligence, and a lack of conscience in words is simply a lack of conscience. What would you say to a business man whose accounts were confused to the point of error, and his scales unreliable? A poor scribbler is nothing else than that.

August 29, 1850. — A peaceful conscience is free of people's opinions. Why? Because if we need esteem and consideration, it is not necessary to find it there rather than anywhere else. Love also armors us against life, and faith delivers us from the anxieties of destiny. He who loves without God is the slave of everything. Holiness is the true liberty. The negative liberty is skepticism; and absolute skepticism or

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defiance is immobility. Faith is the entity; doubt is the void.

What is it that you love? What is it that keeps you from letting yourself die? Why do you live? To whom are you necessary? Alas, only recently you have proved that you were not without a link in the world, that you could not disappear totally unperceived. That touched you; but those marks of interest which are so pleasant and which are greater than you thought, are after all not enough to give motive for the distances. Were you to die, within eight days, everything, even in your little circle, would have resumed its place, and all this quite naturally and very properly. You serve no purpose, and in consequence no one can cling to you. You have all that befits you, so that this is not a complaint, but a simple fact. The satisfaction of living is not now proportionate for you to the fatigue of living. If life ought never be accepted as a liability, there would be nothing to do but refuse it; for the trouble surpasses the profit and the ennui is greater than the advantage. So far as satisfaction is concerned, its account is settled. You are too stupid to exploit it. Break the lease.

But if it is a war, a test, a struggle, an expiation, a preparation — in brief, if happiness is not its measure and its purpose — then one cannot reach such a conclusion. If you have a duty to seek and fulfill, if there is a god who has given you a charge, if you have an obligation, then refusal is not possible, indifference is a crime, retreat is desertion, inertia is a sin. If this duty were simply to combat this slack indolence, to suffer and to do, to fight and to will, by abnegation, by mortification, by sacrifice themselves; if your obligation were to carry your cross, to accept the martyrdom of nature, to conquer your base instincts, to offer to God the incense of your prayer and the holocaust of your zeal; if charity, devotion, patience formed a part of that task; if it were your duty to set a good example; if it were forbidden to set a bad example to the younger and more feeble by a life without courage, and to cause sorrow to your relatives and to your friends by misanthropic melancholy; if you could not retire save after having done all the good of which you were capable, after having served youth, your country, your family by your work, by your words, by your acts; if you owe it to nature, to country, to God, to become the head of a family, a useful citizen, a good man — in short, if you do not exist for your own purposes and life has been entrusted to you by design and not given as a sport — then everything ought to assume another aspect.

July 24, 1876 (8 A.M.). — The trouble with a *journal intime:* it is too complacent in our lamentations; it replaces the action that might make things better by a description of the evil; it tends ordinarily toward apology; it is an Epicureanism rather than a discipline — at least, when one has passed from the moral to the psychological and when one substitutes contemplation for holiness, Montaigne for Pascal.

The *journal intime* is a kind of dreaming and in consequence, a kind of idleness. It is a busy kind of laziness, a recreation which pretends to be work. There is no work without a useful purpose, without effort, and without consistent intention. Now I may write here without any purpose at all, without continuity of ideas, and without definite direction. What good does this interminable soliloquy do me? To think and write, or rather to save from complete overthrow the faculty of reflection and that of expression — that is something. But at the same time, this too convenient process keeps me from

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writing a book and constructing a theory. Now indolence does not require force. Letting things go does not strengthen or increase any ability. Monologue without restraint, without limit, and without intention, though it prevents extinction, does, none the less, enfeeble. It leads to inertia by way of repetitiousness and to exhaustion by way of vain haste. It is a flow of sap, and a ruinous fistula, the repetition of Astarte's perfidy over the sleeping dreamer. This folly undermines, devours, consumes life, without profit for anyone; it is a holocaust to the goddess of sterility — to Uselessness.

So you have been hatching stone eggs all your life, first, by devoting yourself dutifully to unprofitable works and to ungrateful beings; then, by dragging out to eternity the preludes of endeavor and the sighs of discouragement; and finally, by refusing through pride, to set any value on the things you have done and could leave behind you (as if they could give your measure the measure of your early capacities, or of your ambitions), and by taking refuge among trifles. Lack of adaptation to your surroundings, breaking with circumstance, disgust of every sort, a frozen heart, to stiffen yourself, to draw yourself aside, to divert yourself by scattering yourself abroad — what a melancholy history! It is like a wasted life.

Yes, but who is to blame? Are you to be condemned or pitied? Why were you born in the place and at the time that suited your nature least? Why were the family, the country, and the spirit about you, such that they strangled you? And why danger and sorrow instead of an incentive, help, and benefit? If the free expansion of a being is happiness, why has three fourths of the expansion of your faculties been denied you? Your energy has been turned inward. You have encountered neither the air nor the light, nor the good-will, nor the sympathy which would have permitted free flight to you. The blighting and stunting of the plant is the effect of the inclemency and rudeness of its climate. Your moral climate has shriveled your soul, your talent, and your character. You would have wished to be accepted freely, but you had to impose yourself by force. This necessity filled you with disgust. Animosity, hatred, suspicion, perfidy, or simple stupidity, and the incurable unintelligence of those about you, have brought down your arms; and tranquil despair has taken from you even the attempt at struggle. The world is Darwinian, and you are not of this world. The lack of harmony is fundamental.

March 27, 1878 (midnight). — Kept on reading Rousseau (*Correspondence, The Origin of Inequality*, and a polemic relating to them). How difficult it is to keep one's self from definite judgment on a man who has stirred up and authorized all antipathies, whose life gives the lie to his principles, whose efforts and talent contradict one another. Every day I feel opposed impressions, and I hold him in alternate detestation and admiration. The discrepancy between his talent and his character, between his habit and his thoughts, between the man and the author, give painful sensations; an enigmatic being and a discord hard to consider. A conscience by no means delicate, and an immense pride: a fiery talent, and a taste for pose — disharmony in everything and about everything. Governed by impression and imagination; his thought at the service of passion. Perhaps the victim of an ambiguity, that which is at the base of his life and his books: Nature.

May 17, 1880. — Has a man more need of truth than of consolation? If one were to choose, would it be the desolating truth or illusory consolation?

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Science does not concern itself with giving cheer. It is religion that wishes to help, sooth, relieve. Religions promise another life: science is silent as to the future. Does religion conform more closely to human nature, with more chance of being true? Have our desires ever created their object? Are they at least a prophecy of that which shall be? Yet there are false needs, depraved desires, harmful tendencies. The probability is that the noblest aspirations and the purest intuitions of the most perfect beings ought to be the least distant from the truth. Yet what man knows. In each epoch there is the unknown domain with which belief has to do. Belief does not probe, it proposes. It is born spontaneously in certain souls, which originate things. It spreads by imitation and contagion among other people. A great faith is nothing but a great hope, which becomes certitude in so far as it recedes from its originator. Distance and duration increase, until the need to know questions and examines it. Then all that constituted its force becomes its weakness: impossibility of verification, exaltation, miracles, distance.

A cosmopolitan religion, then, is like a very elastic leathern flask. Each race breathes a new spirit into it. And all these metamorphoses are attributed to the flask itself. Buddhism, Islam, Christianity, have been dressed up in a thousand different forms. Religion furnished the first theme, but all the variations, amplifications, embellishments, figures, fugues that have followed are the work of various peoples, epochs, and schools, which have worked upon the word given them. One even ends by attributing whole civilizations to some religious principle which has furnished almost nothing but the frame. Cannot a text mean anything that one wants it to, and serve for fifty different sermons, even contradictory ones? Is it not in the name of the God of the Gospel that all the ecclesiastical abominations have been committed, all the massacres ordered, and all the stakes set flaming?

To sum up, religious belief is nothing but a psychological tradition of the individual. It carries onward his imagination more than his conscience and does not express his real being at all. This being, with its appetites and aspirations, is not correctly interpreted except by his life. It matters very little what the individual says he is, believes he is, or desires to be. The essential thing is what he really is. The church of the saints can contain criminals, and there have been popes who were nothing but monsters.

To feel one's self a sinner and to believe one's self pardoned by grace — that is probably the meaning of Christianity. Profound humility and enthusiastic gratitude, translated into devotion even to the death — there is the sign of the regenerated man who is all obedience and all love. Genuine piety is a way of being, not a way of talking, or even a way of doing. I am not for the gospel of rites or for that of faith, or even for that of works. I am for the gospel of St. John, for that of love. The Christian is not in my eyes the man who entrusts himself to Christ. He can only be the man who is like Jesus, who has something divine in his own life; and as the law of irony works so powerfully, her professed Christians are rather suspicious in my eyes. They have their proofs to give, simply because they wear the cockade of supernatural heroism — presumption against them and not in their favor. 'Nothing troubles the honest man.'—Like the Jews, they think themselves privileged.

Pity, charity, sweetness seem easy among those unfortunates who are all condemned to death, all sinners, and all feeble.

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THE SCANDAL OF MR. BERNARD SHAW

BY HAROLD BEGBIE

From *The London Labor Chronicle*
(Old Line Labor Daily)

There are old maids who are the salt of the earth — able women whose kindly, genial, and unassuming lives are devoted to the beautiful religion of neighborliness. Who has not met such women in hamlet or slum, and felt that he was in the presence of an angel?

But who has not met also, that other old maid, whose equally busy and industrious life is directed to discord and mischief, that 'old cat' of every parish and neighborhood, who is happy only when she is making someone else thoroughly unhappy?

What is significant in these women? It is their conjunction of morality and iniquity. They are hatefully good. Their robes are as white as snow, but their hearts are as black as pitch. They would rather die than soil their lips with alcohol or permit one lightest sensual touch upon their garments of self-righteousness; but out of their mouths proceed slander and calumny, envy and hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. Their chief business in life is to set their neighbors by the ears.

We say of such women that they are perverted, and leave them to go their own dark way to perdition, half sorry for them, and indignant only when their perversity oversteps the last bounds of decency.

Mr. Bernard Shaw may fairly be numbered with these old maids. He has told us often enough how very different he is from the rest of mankind. He has even announced, I understand, the fact of his virginity.

I suppose that there is no man living fit to hold a candle to this Irishman, domiciled in England, as touching the sins of the flesh. If carnal abstinence could transfigure human nature, Mr. Shaw would shine before our eyes with the brightness of an archangel.

But in things of the spirit he seems to lack every quality which goes to the making of an admirable saint, humility in particular; and every now and then he manifests a nature so perverse and truly devilish, that one wonders whether a moment's insanity is not the most charitable explanation of his conduct.

His latest offense in this respect is as monstrous as it is wicked — one which may be as mischievous and even disastrous as it is absurd. The spitfire is now in the neighborhood of a gunpowder magazine.

He has published an article in America, and here in England as well, justifying Mr. De Valera's childish and pedantic procrastination concerning the British offer to Ireland, on the ground that Mr. Lloyd George has 'committed himself' to a 'conflict with the United States for the command of the seas.'

Note well that this charge is made without equivocation of any kind. Mr. Shaw tells all his readers in America that the Prime Minister of England has 'expressly committed himself to nothing less than a conflict with the United States for the command of the seas.' It is not hinted at as a danger to be guarded against. It is an accomplished fact.

Now, obviously, this statement is not

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true. I know many of the present Ministers, and I am not blind to their faults nor too patient, I fear, with their shortcomings; but I am quite confident that not even the stupidest of them has ever for a moment contemplated the idea of a fight with America for the command of the seas — not one of them.

The thing is ludicrous. It is the repulsive abortion of a diseased mind.

I hope I may say without offense to America that she has not yet begun to challenge our sea supremacy; both in the matter of her mercantile marine and in her Navy, ambitious programmes have failed up to the present for want of man-power. She is not a rival. We have nothing to fear from her on the sea, and she knows it.

On the contrary, she is a friend whose good-will we are earnestly anxious to secure, conscious that in no quarter of the world do our purposes clash, while in the great interest of peace we seem to be marked out for an alliance which, firmly held, may entirely destroy militarism.

Further, our financial straits tend to hasten this amity, and the hearty desire of our harassed statesmanship just now is to secure, through friendship with America, a limitation of armaments. *Canada does not want war with the United States.*

Never before have these two nations been nearer to each other; never before has a working partnership between them seemed so reasonable and so possible. It is an hour when all who love peace and who desire the happiness of humanity must almost hold their breath, for fear that the good thing, the consummation, cannot be true. It seems too good to be true.

Why, then, at such an hour, does Mr. Shaw publish an article in the United States which cannot fail to make thousands of Americans distrust us and thousands of Irish-Americans loathe us still more violently? Why does he cry, 'War!' when all of us are whispering, 'Peace!'

Read that article, and you will feel in every line of it that the inspiration is *hatred of England.*

He speaks, for example, of 'the appalling demonstration' we gave of sea supremacy during the War — unable to feel the indecency of this spinsterish lie when his own immunity from Kaiserism was purchased by the lives of how many glorious fishermen and sailors.

He speaks of Lord Grey with Prussian contempt, as a 'dangerous statesman' — knowing that Lord Grey, who is the soul of goodness and almost a Quaker in religion, certainly a mystic, agonized in his growing blindness to avert the war.

But worse than this: he actually permits himself to say: 'Can America seriously blame Mr. De Valera for refusing to consent to Ireland being committed to a war with her?' That is diabolical. And he says that, in a war between England and America, England would treat Ireland 'as Germany treated Belgium.'

This is not fooling. It is the hysterics of an evil mind. It is not raillery: it is the shriek of malevolence.

The clown has been nursing a grievance, and suddenly the barriers of the mind give way, revealing a frenzied lunatic. The painted poker is thrown aside. Petrol is poured with a trembling hand on the smouldering flames of the world's suspicions.

If we look deeper into this hatred of England, this black-hearted hatred of England, I think we shall find in it the ignoble spirit of fear — fear that an understanding with America may secure the peace of the world and the greater glory of England. This is more than he can endure.

He has never once felt a single gener-

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ous emotion concerning England, never seen one smallest glimpse of her great beauty, her noble strength, and her sublime patience.

Always he has hated her, as the anarchist hates the policeman. Always he has seen only her mistakes, and these in the distorting mirror of a sexless mind.

That paste-colored face of his, with its mean little watery eyes, its twitching eyebrows, its acidulated lips, and its bilious nose — does it not witness to the mind of a spitfire, to a character and nature the very opposite of England's?

It is time, I think, that Mr. Shaw considered whether he ought any longer to breath English air. None of the brilliant paradoxes in his plays excels in absurdity and hypocrisy the paradox of his own life.

A confirmed and boasting celibate, he gets married; a Socialist, his wife is a rich woman; an Irish patriot, he lives in England; a pacifist, he stirs up strife between the two nations which can do most to secure the world's peace; and, with money enough to go and live in Russia under a Soviet Government, where his humaneness might have full play, he yet perversely remains under the 'imperialistic' and 'capitalistic' government of England, hating it all the time like poison.

This is a joke which Mr. Shaw has now carried too far. For decency he has no respect, but in all his work one is conscious of a feeling for truth, even though a twisted nature has failed to give it convincing expression.

Let Mr. Shaw steady his mind to face truth, and ask himself whether his manner of living is not a lie, and a lie really and truly indefensible.

Mr. Shaw's passion for humanity is of this order. Greater than his love for mankind is his hatred of the country in which he has for so many years lived the life of an 'idealist' — charging it with every tyranny and iniquity under the sun, in a manner which no other government would endure, and which in Russia would have been ended by a bullet.

He is too old to be called up for military service, and like so many troublesome, cranky, and unlovable people, he is childless; but there are millions of people now living who will have to face death, and bear the dreadful sorrow of their sons' deaths, if Mr. Shaw persists with success in making bad blood between England and America.

This must be stopped. A clever man with a black heart is a public danger. As the unbalanced suffragette would have burned down a cathedral to get a vote, so the masculine spitfire, the man spinster with a black heart, to gratify a pique, would burn down a house that has sheltered him.

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THE ESSENTIALS OF IRISH PEACE

From *The Spectator, October* 8
(UNIONIST WEEKLY)

THOUGH we hold as strongly as ever that the Irish situation has been mismanaged throughout, and that the consequences of that mismanagement must be evil and may be disastrous, we are not going to waste time and energy in crying over the Government's spilt milk. We go further and say that we are very glad to record that the negotiations have not broken down, and that Mr. De Valera has accepted the Cabinet's 'semi-final' offer. Both sides are agreed to go into conference 'without prejudice,' which is, of course, the only condition on which a conference ought to take place. Each side wants to hear, not only the best, but the worst that can be said, and therefore there must be no barred doors. Each side must be allowed to explore thoroughly the other's house.

To feel glad that the conference is going to take place is not to approve the methods by which the decision to confer freely has been reached, or to approve the goal at which the Prime Minister seems to be aiming. It is, however, too late now, and the Imperial Government is too much committed, to go into these matters. When a chauffeur has taken the wrong road in the mountains and has driven down a narrow, stony track, which develops into something little better than a path with a precipice on one side and a cliff on the other, and a gradient of one in three; when there is only a moderate supply of petrol in the tank; when there are only two hours of daylight left; and, finally, when one knows that there is no turning back, one can do nothing but be satisfied so long as the car can be kept going. That offers some possibility of getting out of the mess, even if a very slight one. Cursing the driver is no more good than cursing the road. You have got to get through somehow, and must brace yourself to achieve the impossible.

Though the delegates at the conference must not and ought not to exclude subjects, but must listen to everything and discuss everything, there are certain essential facts which they must keep in their minds if they want, as of course we presume they do want, to achieve a settlement and not merely intensify a breakdown. Let us take some of the things which the delegates both Irish and British, will have to keep before their eyes, whether they like them or dislike them.

1. The first is that the North of Ireland, that loyal, hardworking, prosperous, and well-led state which has just been established in the Six County Area, must remain with the status of self-determination with which it has been endowed. The maintenance of this independence is a sacred trust, and Britain cannot let that trust be violated by a hair's-breadth. Only if the people of Northern Ireland willingly and uncoerced come to us and ask for an alteration of their status and area, can we consent to any change in the relations between Northern Ireland and the rest of the United Kingdom, of which United Kingdom, remember, Northern Ireland remains a part. And here we may say parenthetically that, though it is doubtless well meant, we regard with anxiety the talk in which the *Sunday Express* has been indulging in regard to Tyrone and Fermanagh. In spite of its name, the Six County Area must not be regarded as merely a group of six coun-

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ties. It is a homogeneous area, which, after much discussion, was settled upon as the state in which self-determination for the Ulster loyalists and Protestants was to be applied. The essential problem in the application of a system of self-determination is always the area. But once an area has been settled on, it is madness to begin whittling it away, parish by parish. The observance of this principle the Southern Irish will be the first to demand when and if the Dublin Parliament is created. Imagine what would be said by them if certain parishes in Dublin or Donegal were to be given the right to be included in the Northern Area, on the ground that a majority of Protestants or loyalists could be found inside them. There must be no tampering with the Northern Area, unless, of course, at a request of the North for a rectification of boundaries. In other words, the most we can tell the Southern Irish is that if, after their Parliament is set up, they can come to an agreement with the North and then *jointly* come to us and ask for the endorsement of a new boundary scheme which they have arranged we will give it statutory sanction. Speaking generally, we can indeed promise to back any bill which has on it the names of both the North and the South.

2. The next thing for the delegates to keep before them is that, if Southern Ireland becomes a free state without any constitutional nexus with the United Kingdom or the British Empire, the loyalists and Protestants of the South, the men who have stood by the Union in the past, and who would be in great peril were they to be abandoned, must be given the option to leave the South of Ireland, and to leave it with full compensation for the loss occasioned by such action. To leave these men, whether officials, landlords, Protestants generally, or the humbler members of the constabulary, who have incurred popular odium in carrying out their duty, to the tender mercies of Sinn Fein, would be odious in the extreme.

3. Precautions must be taken to put an end to the intolerable situation which now exists in Belfast and Northern Ireland generally. At the present moment, and under the sham truce, a condition of things exists which, though borne with great courage by the Protestants and loyalists, is becoming every day more unbearable. A criminal minority, in spite of the cease-fire agreement, is doing its best to goad the loyal majority into some act which may be represented as cruel and tyrannous. We must give the government of the North every assistance in maintaining order within their own boundaries, and whether a settlement is arrived at or not, must keep a sufficient garrison in the North to prevent their boundaries being raided by the Southern extremists.

4. But though we hold that it will be necessary to keep a strong body of troops in Northern Ireland, we do not look to armed force as the real protection of the North. It will be rather on the use of the complete fiscal independence which the South are demanding, and which has been in effect yielded, that we shall, if we are wise, base the protection of the State of Northern Ireland. By closing our ports and the customs line which will surround Northern Ireland to the produce of Southern Ireland, or, better still, by imposing a heavy *ad valorem* duty upon all that produce, though not, of course, on the produce of Northern Ireland, we shall find ourselves in possession of a weapon which will enable us, not merely to protect the North, but also to see that any obligations entered into for the compensation of the loyalists of the South shall be fully met, and not by the taxpayers of this country, but by

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those who make the imposition of these duties a necessity, either by breach of agreements or by hostile interference with a neighboring state.

Again, the share of the South in the national debt can be, and ought to be, enforced by this peaceful weapon, rather than by an appeal to arms, however well justified in theory. And here let us say that this is a case where the general rule that the consumer bears the burden of a customs duty does not apply. Remember that what we shall be doing is not putting a tax on all produce, which would, of course, injure the British consumer, but merely, in the case of recalcitrancy and hostile action by the South, giving a very substantial preference (possibly one of 33⅓ per cent) to the non-Southern Irish producers. The farmers of Northern Ireland, Canada, America, Denmark, and the other Scandinavian countries, and Brittany and Normandy, would be delighted to fill the gap. Countries with this heavy preference in their favor would have no difficulty in making it impossible for the Southern Irish to add the duty to the price of their goods. The Southern Irish farmers would have to sell at whatever price other countries would sell at. But that means the weight of the duty falling on the seller. It is no good to say that the South could seek other markets. America and Canada are not going to take dairy produce and meat from Ireland, nor are any of the Baltic States, nor is France or Spain. Ireland has one market, and one market only, and that is England and Scotland, and she would have to abide by the consequences of her political action if she attempted to break her agreements with us or to injure us in some other way. In other words, if Ireland becomes a separate nation, with complete fiscal independence, she will find her path a much more delicate one to follow than does Ireland as a part of the United Kingdom and a fiscal partner of Great Britain.

Needless to say, we do not in the least desire to penalize Irish agriculture. We would, however, very much rather use this weapon than the rifle, the machine-gun, the tank, or the aeroplane, and we feel sure it would be very much more effective. Southern Ireland will have no true ground of complaint, as she will always be able to get rid of a hostile tariff by neighborly behavior and by doing nothing to encourage the Sinn Fein and Roman Catholic minority in the North to keep Northern Ireland in political chaos. But quite apart from that, the South of Ireland could have no claim to object to our imposing customs duties, for it is evidently her intention to use her fiscal autonomy to encourage local industries. In an article by 'A. E.' (Mr. Russell), published lately in the *Manchester Guardian*, and now issued as a pamphlet by the Talbot Press, he quite plainly, and from his point of view quite rightly, deals with the issue:—

> Britain desires us to maintain the freedom of trade which has existed between the two islands for over one hundred years. If we accede, it means it would be almost impossible for us to extricate ourselves from that industrial system of which she was the first begetter and which has since dominated the world.

Our contemporary, the *Nation*, adds the following comment:—

> In other words, to many Irishmen compulsory free trade between England and Ireland means an end to all hope of initiating industrial and economic experiments for which they are deeply anxious, and from which they believe that the world may learn something. It would be fatal at such a crisis as this if Englishmen were to lay stress on arrangements that may seem desirable, and may be desirable from our point of view.

It is pretty clear from these passages what is to be the fiscal policy of an in-

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dependent South. We do not, however, quote them as reasons against granting a Southern Parliament, but only as grounds for using, if necessary, customs duty instead of physical force. What is sauce for the irascible Irish Gander is sauce also for the mild and anxious British Goose.

5. There is one more matter which our delegates and our Government must remember, and it is perhaps the most essential of all the things that concern them. They must remember that, when you are dealing with hostile people, the gift of the power to extract a concession is the gift of the concession itself. We found this in Grattan's hostile Parliament; we found it in the case of the loyal and friendly Dominions. When the Colonies were originally granted self-government, all sorts of matters were reserved for the Imperial Parliament, as, for example, the marriage laws. No sooner, however, was it shown that the parliaments of these nations were determined not to be controlled, than the control was promptly and ungrudgingly abandoned. That such an abandonment was inevitable, we do not deny for a moment. It was not only inevitable, it was right. But if these things were done in the case of states loyal, friendly, and inspired by an ardent desire to maintain the Empire and to respect the rights of the mother-country, what is likely to happen in the case of the Irish Parliament? Its members will not, like the Dominions, show themselves reasonable and considerate, but will actually glory in showing their power and our impotence, as did Grattan's Parliament. If we remember rightly, the argument used in the case of Grattan's Parliament was that it had not been a party to the British act imposing the restrictions, and that therefore those restrictions did not hold. In brief, we must not rely upon terms in 'the Treaty,' as it has already been called, being maintained, unless the Parliament of the South of Ireland thinks it is in its interest to maintain them.

This is not a charge of bad faith, for, of course, the Irish Parliament, when it is elected, will consider itself superior to any previous body. Take the case of the fight over the name 'Republic.' Even if we can induce the Southern Irish delegates to accept a formula for the British Empire which we think humiliating to us, we shall not be able to prevent the Irish Parliament from declaring itself a republic, though it may perhaps amuse itself by putting the matter in Gaelic rather than in English, and will allow us to translate the Erse name for republic into commonwealth. We are not going to get out of the Irish tangle by word-shuffling, but only by common sense, and still more, by good faith.

6. As a postscript, we may remind the delegates of a fact which has been brought to our notice by an American correspondent of the *Spectator*. The following is one of the reasons why the Sinn Feiners cling so passionately to the word Republic. The Irish bonds which, to use a Hibernianism, were so freely forced upon the maid-servants and workmen of the United States, were declared to be redeemable on the establishment of the Irish Republic. Naturally enough, the Irish-American holders of these bonds are now very much alarmed at the notion of a republic being abandoned. They think that this failure might be made a ground for repudiation.

Mr. De Valera, it will be remembered, was himself in America while the bonds were being pressed upon the Irish-Americans, and this would no doubt make the matter rather awkward for him. We may feel sure, however, that if, for other reasons, the Sinn Feiners are determined to take the Re-

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public at the second and not the first bite of the cherry, some method will be found for keeping the bondholders quiet. We should not be surprised if the British Government were in the last resort asked to assuage the anxious rage of the Republican bondholders.

If so, we may see the ministerial press explain to the nation that such a guaranty would, in fact, be the strongest proof of the Cabinet's adamantine determination never to allow the word Republic to blast 'that community of nations known as the British Empire.'

SPAIN AT THE CROSSROADS

BY ANGEL MARVAUD

[*The author of this article points out the need for an 'intelligent understanding' between Spain and France, with particular reference to the Moroccan situation.*]

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, September 24*
(French Liberal Foreign-Affairs Weekly)

In assuming power under the present circumstances, Señor Antonio Maura has given a new demonstration of the fact that no appeal to his patriotism can be in vain; but he certainly entertains no illusions as to the difficulties of the task he has undertaken.

It is characteristic of all the crises periodically occurring in Spain, to lay bare the grave faults of a political administrative system that was discredited long ago. Is the present crisis, provoked by the events in Morocco, destined to come to an end without leaving any trace, as happened in the case of the others; or will Señor Maura, by the force of events, be constrained to play the part of a great reformer, a 'revolutionist from above'? This rôle has never ceased to be his ambition throughout his long career. The future will answer the question.

The attention of the new government is concentrated on the Riff, where the one thing of pressing importance is the speedy reëstablishment of Spanish prestige. The official inquiry into the causes of the disaster has not yet been completed; at any rate, the results have not been published. It seems, however, that the general command, the military juntos, and the governors themselves ought to bear equal shares in the responsibility. In any case, the most pressing need, I repeat, is to inflict exemplary punishment upon the Moors. On this point all the political parties except the Socialists are in full agreement. The journalist who signs himself Juan de Aragon, in the *Correspondencia de España*, declares in formal terms: 'I, who have always maintained and shall continue to maintain that the Spanish zone is not worth a single man or a single peseta, do also maintain that the prestige of Spain is worth all the men and all the pesetas that we have. If we tolerate what has

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happened without inflicting the requisite chastisement, the Republic of Andorra itself will not be afraid to come to blows with us. Spain will be rubbed from the list of nations.'

'It remains for us, then,' adds Juan de Aragon, 'to realign our African policy.' In what way? Here is where the differences of opinion crop out. It seems, however, that the scope of the military campaigns ought to be related in a certain degree to the ideas which prevail in the matter of a protectorate, several newspapers having expressed the opinion that it would be enough for the moment if Spain should make sure of her hold on the seacoast alone. Señor Salvador Canals replied in *La Epoca* that to 'present things to the public in this light would constitute an egregious blunder.' Rather than limit her action to the seacoast, it would be better for Spain to give up altogether her historic mission in North Africa. In fact, without possessing exact information as to the plan adopted by the government, one can deduce from the importance of the preparations already completed, or still in progress, that the operations which are about to commence will be sufficiently extensive and of long duration.

In no case can it be a question of concluding a peace which, by saving their honor, will permit the Spanish troops to abandon Morocco. The Republican, Rodrigo Soriano, who some days ago reprinted the advice along similar lines given by General Prim after the battle of Wad Ras, found himself harshly rebuked by the Monarchist organs. As if conditions had not altogether changed since 1860, and the whole scope of the Moroccan question! As if Spain had not contracted, first in 1904, then at Algeciras, and finally in 1912, international engagements which she must fulfill to the letter!

'The recognized influence of Spain in the Moroccan zone,' writes Señor Salvador Canals, 'obliges her to protect the interests of Europe and civilization throughout this zone.' — 'If we refuse to fulfill our duty,' he writes elsewhere, 'others will take our place, and that will be the end of the independence of Spain.' In this connection he recalls the famous phrase of Señor Maura in 1907: 'From Moulouya right up to Tangier, Spain will never consent that any nation except Morocco shall have a foothold, cost what it may'; and the declarations of Señor Cambo in the Chamber of Deputies, in May, 1914: —

> The permanence of the Spanish occupation in Morroco is the basis of our strategic position with reference to the Strait of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean question; hence, it is a condition *sine qua non* for the maintenance of the national integrity of the Balearic and Canary Islands in such a degree that, if we should disappear from Morocco, we should fall into the tragic position of Turkey and become like that country an area for partition.

This idea is generally held by the political world and in cultivated circles on the other side of the Pyrenees. General Berenguer, if the *Sol* has faithfully expressed his opinions, has said nothing else — only he has spoken with the rude frankness of a soldier. The impression produced in our country by these suggestions seems to have surprised the Government at Madrid, which hastened to issue an official denial; but the little incident will at least have had the happy effect of calling public attention, on both sides of the Pyrenees, to Franco-Spanish relations.

Let us listen once more on this subject to Señor Salvador Canals; and if we quote him freely, it is because this distinguished publicist, besides having personal authority, was for a long time the secretary of Señor Maura, whose confidence he has always possessed.

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This, then, is what Señor Canals said to the correspondent of the *Temps:* —

> In our mutual interest, it is desirable that there should exist between France and Spain an intelligent understanding on the question of Morocco, practical, effective, and extremely cordial. In my opinion, it is very easy to understand one another, even on the question of Tangier. I am persuaded that Spanish opinion, conscientious and reasonable, would accept an arrangement which would assign to Spain the international zone by letting it merge with ours, and would grant as compensation to France the right to take possession of Tangier, along with such municipal territory as would assure to the city all the progress and development that may ultimately be desirable.

This declaration reflects with accuracy the opinion of the Cabinet at Madrid. It constitutes an official invitation to us, as it were. We should not dare to affirm this were it not that it synchronizes so well with certain changes which one can note in the general spirit of Spanish foreign policy, and on which we are the first to congratulate ourselves. This, aside from the difficulties involved in the pacification of the Moroccan zone and in the establishment of new bases for the protectorate, requires a more intimate and cordial understanding with France. There is no mystery for anybody in the attitude assumed under various circumstances by the preceding cabinet, for the Marquis of Lema has nowhere been more severely judged than in his own country.

Minister Maura may count on even more serious embarrassments at home. The African reverses happen at a moment when the economic and social conditions of the kingdom inspire genuine concern. Although our neighbors grew rich during the war, the public treasury profited little. The state budgets continued to come out with increasing deficits, which could be covered only by appealing to the *Banque Nationale*, and by the issue of short-term notes. Even before the great projects for new public works, elaborated by Señor La Cierva, had succeeded in taking form, it was already apparent that the Moroccan campaign would occasion new outlays, which would further augment the public debt. And this at a moment when the general crisis in affairs is all the more painfully felt because it follows, without any interval, a period of somewhat artificial prosperity due to exceptional circumstances.

Much reliance is placed upon the competence and energy of the Minister of Finance, Señor Cambo, in whom some people already see a new Villaverde. One of his first acts has been to urge the administration to a fuller realization of its duties; while his colleague of the Interior, for his part, urges his officials to suppress useless formulas of politeness in the official documents. To anyone who knows the bureaucracy south of the Pyrenées, this simple fact is a sign of the times, and may perhaps be regarded as ushering in the great work of reformation to which we have alluded.

Unfortunately, there is room for some uneasiness as to the stability of the Maura Cabinet. It is not a genuinely national ministry, as it was called when it was constituted. With three or four exceptions, it actually includes none but Conservatives. The parties of the Left have stood in the background, doubtless because they await their hour. The nomination of new governors, chosen almost exclusively among the personal friends of Señor Maura, has provoked vigorous discontent among the Liberal-Conservatives, whose attitude toward the President of the Council thereafter appeared to be somewhat uncertain.

Finally, it must be said that Señor

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Maura will probably have a good deal of difficulty in maintaining concord among his own fellow workers, in trying to conciliate the contradictory points of view so often exemplified by such trenchant personalities as Señors Cambo and La Cierva. Already it is understood that disagreements have broken out between these two statesmen, notably on the railroad question, and that the financial projects of Señor Cambo, which have not yet been published, are directly in antagonism to those of his colleague of the Navy, the Marquis de la Cortina, who is the only representative of the Comte de Romanones in the government.

In the country itself, the great majority of the people remain fundamentally hostile to all military policies; hence we may await another outbreak of events such as marked, in July, 1909, the first expedition to the Riff. Public order, however, has not hitherto been seriously disturbed, and the reason may be sought, perhaps, less in the energy displayed by the authorities than in the labor-crisis, which contributes more than any other cause to the disorganization of revolutionary syndicalism. An attempt at a general strike was undertaken, at any rate, in Bilbao, and although this was a complete failure, it is to be feared that it may not remain an isolated affair. In the region of Catalonia, the Government took certain precautions, refraining, it appears, from including among the reinforcements sent to Morocco any units recruited in this district. The presence in the Cabinet of their 'leader' constitutes, moreover, a sort of guaranty to the Regionalists; but it is probable that, if Señor Cambo has agreed, in spite of his presence, to accept office, it is by reason of compensations, chiefly of the economic order, which restrict in advance the liberty of the government.

France, for reasons which I have often set forth, desires under no circumstances to aggravate the difficulties — already all too genuine — which our neighbors are compelled to face. In this connection it is allowable to hope that our press will show itself more circumspect in news and comments relating to Moroccan affairs. By wounding the pride of the Spaniard we run the risk of turning everybody south of the Pyrenees against us. Our newspapers are, at the present moment, replete with lamentations concerning the enterprise of the Germans in Italy. Let us not forget that German activity is at least as vigorous in the Iberian Peninsula. The question to be answered is, whether there also, by ignorance or by folly, we wish to make its rôle a great detriment to our economic expansion and also to our position in world politics.

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THE SEA OF FRANCE

BY ANDRÉ LICHTENBERGER

[M. Lichtenberger is a French author, well known for his disdain of what is ordinarily called progress. He has recently given voice to this feeling in a novel called Raramémé. *His distrust of modernity does not, however, appear conspicuously in the story here translated.]*

From *L'Indépendance Belge, October* 1
(Liberal Progressive Daily)

A strong breeze was stirring up the sea — vigorous, healthy, and ardent, like a young war-horse. It shook itself into great prancing waves, each one crowned with caps of foam, with flanks whipped into trails of white. Across the blue sky a few clouds went whirling in scattered masses. They drew together, then separated, then grouped themselves together anew, like boys at play, or cavalry who are bracing for the fight; but the sun was still gleaming and the trumpet of the wind did not sound the hour of stormy battle.

Before he stepped on the moist sand, which at low tide bordered the rocks at Kerguelen, the traitor, Hubert Droson, paused an instant. For fear of error, he drew from his peasant's blouse a dirty paper on which were marked the movements of the tide. There could be no doubt. He must follow the foot of the cliffs for 500 fathoms, and there he would find an obscure platform sunk in the rock, inaccessible to the sea. There he would wait for the boat which, at high tide, would enable him to embark for England, carrying the plan of campaign stolen from the papers of the Committee of Public Safety.

There was no time to lose. A suspicious peasant or a soldier of the *Garde National* might appear at any time. On the sides of the rock a few fathoms above his head Droson saw a line of green algæ, which marked the line of high tide. He would have to hurry if he was to profit by the low water. In a few minutes he would have covered the 500 fathoms, sometimes dry-shod, sometimes with water over his ankle, or up to his knee.

He gave a cry of pleasure. Half-way up the cliff, sunk in the hard rock, a kind of enormous landing was cut. He scrambled up to it without much difficulty, and sat down there with a sigh of satisfaction. It was two o'clock. Before high tide several hours must elapse. The boat would come for him at sunset. He took out some food and fell to eating and drinking. From time to time a smile passed over his thin lips.

With the hope of fishing in troubled water, he had mingled in the Jacobin movement from the very first, and had distinguished himself by the mad fury of his patriotism. Money was what he was after. England had offered it to him. He accepted the mission of a spy upon the committees to which he had access. He had the good luck to secure a copy of Carnot's plan of campaign. There it was, buttoned over his chest. He rubbed his hands with content and laughed silently, thinking of the fools who day after day risked their lives to make the people free. He knew better.

His meal was finished. As he took out a handkerchief to wipe his lips, he pulled out with it a cockade of three

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colors. He tore it to bits and cast the pieces behind him in the water. Then, realizing how long he still had to wait, he stretched himself out and closed his eyes.

Below him, with swift and steady steps, the great sea hurled its waves, little by little, in its assault upon the land. Very small they came at first, prattling like troops of little children, one after another; then, after them, still others, climbing, forcing their way up, making a short ladder of themselves, falling back, lifting themselves, bounding up, falling back, and forever coming again. Although they sank back and retreated, they kept gaining constantly on the land. Then others, larger still, lifted themselves. They sank into deep troughs, and the great back of a wave humped itself up and broke in a plume of foam against the rock. A wind sprang up. Under the blue sky, the blue-white waves grew bigger and bigger, and then they came more violently, stronger, more menacing, rolling in greater heaps. They broke with a tremendous crash against the rampart of the cliff. For two hours, like a clever wrestler, with quick approaches and withdrawals, but with certainty and constant advance, the sea climbed up the steep rocks.

Droson opened his eyes. Something wet and cold had struck his face. Hardly awake, he heard all around him, very close, a great rumbling, deep and continuous, which sometimes grew and sometimes died away. There were violent bursts of sound, the shocks of powerful masses meeting, and the rattle of small stones hurled against the cliff. He leaped up, and looked below him and in front of him, then to right and left. He started back. How it had risen! Almost a third of the cliff seemed to have sunk in the water, and the tide did not seem to be stopping. The greedy tongues of the waves stretched up along the rock, high, very high, so high that one of them might have overwhelmed him. He scanned the horizon for the promised ship. There was nothing to be seen save the ocean, and the sun which was sinking in the sky.

How high the water was! Over the whole expanse of the sea, everywhere, on all sides, stretching away to infinity, the raging mountains of waves were tossing. It was as if some secret and all-powerful will were directing all this, and as if unknown, strong hands were driving the waves toward the rock where the startled Droson stood. Pressing on, climbing up, leaping over one another, hurrying, tumbling, spitting water quick and slow, helping one another, urging one another on, great and little, short, large, enormous, innumerable, murmuring and thundering, pushing against one another, indefatigable — all the waves from the very horizon were hurling themselves against the little ladder of rock which led up to the platform. Were they indeed urged on by an implacable, unchangeable will?

Droson looked at his watch. Would it soon be high tide? He observed with horror that it had still two hours to rise. What then? It had already nearly reached his platform. Sometimes it even passed that line of seaweed which he had already observed. Mechanically he looked up the cliff. Overwhelming terror set his knees to knocking. A little above his head he perceived still other seaweeds lodged, old and dry and hardened by the sun, but still recognizable. The sea must have carried them there. The very highest tides swelled up to that point.

In his fear he dashed about his rocky platform like a tiger in its cage, or like a mouse taken in a trap. Where could he flee? On one side there was the steep, smooth, inaccessible wall of rock, and on the other, everywhere there was

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an ocean where no sail appeared. Then Droson heard a sinister howling like a dog in the night; then low, still lower, and very low, now very close to him, all around him, almost in his ear, the sea fell to howling. It shook its waves against the rock in a stony laugh which swept from point to point all along the cliff, and then a huge wave sank open to the very bottom, like the mouth that had made this laugh, and suddenly it twisted itself into hateful lips, a frightful foaming gulf, and the sea spat at the man. He had climbed as far as he could up the rock, haggard, mute, awaiting the next assault. An unthinkable horror froze him, — a horror of death, no doubt, for he was a coward, — but a mysterious horror, a nightmare horror, before this new enemy which raised itself against him. He who had triumphed over men, was he to yield to this thing stronger than they, which was assailing him?

At that very instant the foam swept over the rock, soaking the limbs of the captive, covering him with its water. Then it reached out an arm for him. With a rolling like a heavy wagon or a mounted battery, a wave higher than the others swept the rock from one end to the other. Seized by the feet, the man clung to the cliff. The wave passed. He breathed again and waited. Though they were more formidable, the waves now were farther apart. No doubt it was the last effort of the tide. If he could only keep above it.

From afar he saw a new mountain rising. It approached like a galloping squadron of cavalry, little by little, slowly, and yet with cruel speed. Its front curved in, its gigantic back was falling forward, and then it struck, lost its equilibrium, fell forward, and cut him with its foam. His breath stopped and yet he held fast.

He had a moment's rest. The weary sea was resting, too. It cast a few small waves at him, toyed with its foam like a Hercules with his fists, set its shoulders heaving, and seemed to measure the height which it must scale; and its voice, low, threatening, cruel, never ceased to shriek insult and terror from its hundred thousand mouths to the miserable wretch who regarded the abyss defiantly. For a moment, he had the idea of casting himself into the sea, of ending it all, cheating the cruelty of this enemy, who played with him like a cat with a mouse. Then he lost his will. Perhaps the boat would still come, or perhaps the tide was at its height; and he was afraid. Bent down and crouching, he waited the next assault. In his maddened brain he felt that this was the last effort of the fatherland that he had betrayed, which he must conquer, or to which he must succumb.

At last the sea of France, the great sea, which kisses and cradles the coast of the fatherland upon her immense bosom from Calais to Bayonne, from Cette to Toulon, the great sea burst into fury. She remembered her glorious sisters, the waves that fought at Salamis, and those that conquered the Armada. Girding up her loins with a slow movement, with a gradual and irresistible effort, she sent forth an enormous mass, — vast, high, powerful, invincible, — and sent it rolling forward. The man, with his fingers dug into the crevices of the rock, awaited the assault. Thirty fathoms, twenty fathoms, ten fathoms, and then, while a blue abyss opened beneath the white crest of the wave, it raised itself to an appalling height against the red sky of the sinking sun; and breaking into the three colors of the Republic, the sea fell upon the man, who knew that he was lost.

She seized him in one powerful sweep, dragged him from his hiding-place, took him, rolled him along, and

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overwhelmed him in her formidable hands, and then with disdain she cast him back upon the land, as if she would not soil herself by keeping him in her bosom. But the noble soil of France proudly lifted her rocky shoulders and cast him forth. So alternately, sometimes slowly, sometimes with sharpened blows, the sea of France and the earth of France tossed the body of the wretch back and forth like a tennis-ball, and soon there was nothing there but ragged flesh, tattered and without form, a monstrous thing which sank forever in the deep sepulchre of the waves.

Vengefully and playfully, the sea broke into smiles and danced with its joyous waves, which time after time, without end or ceasing, formed the triumphal and holy flag with its three colors.

DEFENDING THE PHILIPPINES

BY E. W. EWART (late) R. A. and R. A. F

[*This article, by a former officer in the Royal Air Force, is a reply to a discussion of the Philippines defense problem printed in* The Living Age *October* 29.]

From *The Outlook, October* 28
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

I cannot presume to argue with Admiral Kerr on the naval side of the defense-and-attack problem; but what I know of air-work forces me to conclude that, in describing how the Americans could successfully hold the Philippines against a hostile fleet, he has not made nearly enough allowance for what the attackers would be able to do to meet the defense measures he outlines. Even on the naval side it certainly might well appear to the lay mind that the attackers could do a great deal more than Admiral Kerr describes.

One of the main items of Admiral Kerr's suggested defense by air is that an airship patrol should remain in the air, to give notice of an approaching enemy and direct by wireless the movements of aircraft and submarines against it. But is it reasonable to suppose that one of the first movements made by the attackers would not be to shoot down or drive off the airship? We know that the Japanese fleet have ships fitted with platforms for the launching of aircraft, and we know also that they possess a number of types of the best British fighting aeroplanes, as well as scout fighters in unknown numbers, with fast climb and 125 miles per hour speed. These would certainly dispose of the airship patrol, unless the defense has a fleet of similar fast fighters to engage the airship's air enemies.

If the defense line is drawn, as suggested, 100 miles off the coast, the defenders' scout machines would have to be kept on the aeroplane-carrier ship somewhere near the 100-mile mark, since these aircraft could not fly from land to fight an action, and back to

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land. The scout machine is a single-seater, carrying machine-guns, and designed with a single eye to speed, climb, and manœuvrability. Carrying petrol for more than three or four hours' flight would reduce the fighting ability. Some of the Zeppelins sunk by our aircraft in the war were brought down by two-seaters; but they are also limited in petrol capacity, because they must sacrifice weight to speed and climb. The aircraft carrier, then, would have to expect attacks by submarine, surface, and aircraft. Having no anti-aircraft-gun defense, it would certainly be sunk or driven off, since all that has been said of the vulnerability of battleships to submarine and aircraft-torpedo and bombing attack would apply with greater force to an aircraft carrier. The carrier's sole chance of survival would appear to be a tremendous superiority of the defense force in air-fighters, to drive off torpedo and bombing aircraft. Without such superiority, the kite balloons, which, it is suggested, should be fitted to the carrier for submarine spotting, would not live five minutes against the attack of air-fighters.

The plan of the defense, if an enemy fleet attacks, is to be the dropping of smoke-bombs from the air, to blot out the vision of the fleet, and attacks by torpedo-aircraft shooting at the battleships through the smoke. But if the attacking fleet has a superiority of air-fighters, these would attack the heavily laden torpedo aircraft, and quite possibly shoot down every one before a torpedo could be discharged. And, again, the attacking fleet could spread a smoke-cloud round itself, miles wide, and the torpedo aircraft, shooting blindly into this immense smoke-bank, could score very few hits. Outside the smoke cloud, torpedo-boat destroyers could be ranging, and their guns would certainly have some effect against torpedo aircraft, which must come close down to the water to discharge torpedoes. I do not wish to minimize the possibilities of torpedo aircraft, because I believe these have great future possibilities; but it is certainly foolish to suppose they cannot be effectively dealt with, especially by fast air-fighters.

Admiral Kerr says: 'If perchance the enemy has brought some aircraft with him, they will be of the light fighting type.' There can be little 'perchance' about it. The enemy certainly would carry plenty of light fighters, and also a swarm of flying boats capable of carrying machine-guns (and, perhaps, one- or two-pounder Q.F.), smoke- and explosive-bombs, and torpedoes. Formosa (Japanese) and the chain of islands down to the Philippines would provide good bases for these flying boats, which can keep the sea and air for many days away from their bases and, with sea-anchors, ride out rough weather with ease. They would complicate considerably the simple plan of passing freight vessels in and out of the defense cordon, even supposing the improbable survival of the airship patrol to signal courses clear of enemy fleet.

If the defense makes a cordon, and can keep it, 100 miles from the coast-line, the attackers could make outside this another cordon of flying boats, submarines, and mine-fields, which no vessel could escape. Japan has a fine fleet of submarines and submarine mine-layers, and the scene of action is only about three or four days' steam from Japanese naval bases. She also has flying boats: but since the Air Service is one of the most closely guarded secrets of the Japanese military machine, it is doubtful if anyone knows her strength in aircraft. But it must be enormously stronger than any air fleet America has in, or in war-time could bring to, the Philippines.

I have no doubt, then, that the first move of the Japanese in making an at-

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tack on the Philippines would be to secure command of the air; and with the enormously greater air-strength Japan could bring into operation, a very short time would probably suffice to secure air-command. Even if America established a very strong air-force at the Philippines, aircraft works would also have to be established there, since the air-fighting would be fast, furious, and continuous, and the side that could most quickly replace casualties and maintain strength would have a tremendous advantage.

It must not be supposed that America could keep on flying fleets of aircraft to the Philippines from America. Only their big N.C. flying boats could make the journey under their own power; and even they could not make it without being accompanied or met by surface 'motherships.' These would probably be dealt with by the Japanese navy. Japan, on the other hand, could maintain a constant supply of new aircraft of all kinds, since the scene of action would be within easy distance of her bases, and carrier ships could be protected by her fleet.

What America may do in the future in the way of providing shore defenses, garrison, and air-fleet for protection of the Philippines against attack may alter the present situation. But with no forts, no garrison, and with no submarine, surface, or air-fleet which can compare with the Japanese available strength, the defense would be hopeless, and the Philippines would probably be captured completely a few days from the outbreak of war. It is admitted that the fleet operating far from its bases is at a heavy disadvantage against one in its own waters; those disadvantages apply with equal force to an air-fleet.

Since America has no air-fleet or air-fleet base in or near the Philippines, and Japan has both, I cannot see the faintest possibility of America's being able to hold the Philippines against Japanese attack. I am certainly convinced that existing Philippine air-defense cannot be effective. Whether it could be made so is entirely another question, and one that ought to be seriously considered without delay by America. To leave her air-defense of the Philippines in its present state is simply an invitation to disaster and defeat.

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TWO POETS OF BOLSHEVISM

BY YURIY NIKOLSKY

[*The Bolshevist movement in Russia has produced three poems that are regarded as masterpieces. The first is by Mayakovsky, the futurist; the second, 'The Twelve,' by Alexander Block, was translated in* The Living Age *for May* 14, 1920; *and the third is Andrey Byely's 'Christ is Arisen,' which is described in this article, the first literary criticism from a Russian magazine that we have seen.*]

From *Russkaya Mysl, April*
(Russian Monthly Published in Bulgaria)

Block's 'The Twelve,' and Andrey Byely's 'Christ Is Arisen,' are, undoubtedly, two remarkable products of the Russian Revolution. And both of these poems have an unmistakable connection with Mayakovsky's 'War and Peace.' Whatever we think of the ideological content of these poems, however corrupt and sinful we consider it, we cannot deny their great artistic value.

'War and Peace' represents Hell unmitigated and unrelieved. 'The Twelve is also Hell, but it ends with Christ leading the procession:

> In a wreath of roses white—
> Jesus Christ, the guiding light.

Byely's poem aims to be a song of redemption and resurrection.

There are differences in style, and yet there is something common to all three. It is difficult to shout long lines, impossible to shriek out separate words when they are bound by position to consonance with other words. So words stand by themselves as separate lines. Is it a poem when it has only one word to a line? Apparently, it is. And the pauses at the end of lines also seem legitimate and necessary. In our days it is impossible to speak save by choking through strain and effort. And the assonances, too, seem legitimate, though they are so elusive as to be almost acutely sudden.

'The Twelve' seems to stand by itself, for it is skillfully phrased in inimitable popular style. But there, as well as in the others, strident voices break in through the whirling of the Russian tempest, dark and pitiful and crude.

Block speaks of the huge placard, with the words, 'All power to the Constituent Assembly!' fluttering in the Russian wind, torn and shredded by it. And there is profound symbolism in this, for has not the dream of Russian political idealism proved to be merely a paper placard? And when I see attempts to reconstruct it, I, who have but recently arrived from the heart of Russia, involuntarily feel in the 'Bolshevist' poems a truer living image of Russia. In them I read a passionate attitude toward the mystery that unfolds itself; I see souls aflame with the pains of the realities. And there is no doubt that the ruin of a vast country must be something of a mystery, if Mitzkevich, the great Pole, could see the ruin of his tiny Poland as a transcendent mystery and could be inspired to prophetic, Biblical verse by his contemplation of that mystery. It is this metaphysical relation that is common to both Block and Byely.

At the present time, politics inevita-

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bly injects itself into art. And what I offer here is not an artistic analysis, but a series of thoughts concerning a work of art. But let us not forget that Byely is not only a remarkable investigator of the nature of verse, as shown by his book on *Symbolism*, but also the author of a stylistically unusual novel, *Petersburg*. In his lyricism he is as much of a symbolist as Block.

His poem, written in the stern style in which old images were painted, opens with the tidings that 'in the unending blue of heaven' Christ is arisen. 'It is, it was, it shall be!' Yes, *this* was, ever. This is above time, transcending it and staying with us, no matter into what darkness we may be plunged. This is from 'time unending and immemorial.' So in Block's poem, Christ marches on,

> 'In the snow-storm undetected,
> From the bullets, free, protected.'

For a religious heart, whether Bolshevist or anti-Bolshevist, both of these conceptions are clear! Christ is always marching there, somewhere, perhaps in front of everything, in spite of all the murk and darkness of storm and suffering. And Byely's poem ends, with rhythmic inevitability, with the following words, 'Christ is arisen!'

The same imagery as ever runs through the poem like its musical themes. The 'yellow staff,' the 'bound corpse,' the 'yellow, bound corpse.' The hangmen drag it along, and this 'pitiful, yellow corpse' is a man. The face burns like a diamond. The yellow staff is dragged on, 'beneath the light of the automobile's blinding diamond.' Over the Jordan, 'two wings' seem fluttering; they are in the poem, too, only as 'eagle wings,' the outstretched hands of Christ. Seven times through the poem we find this image. The flame of dissensions descends into the cave and by this 'cave of disbelief' — Hosannah! Soldiers in shining armor and helmets pass on. The glass-like eye-cavities, the staff-like hands, the emaciated Christ with twisted body is described in the poem just as He is represented in old images.

The human body becomes a 'fearful something, with mottled, twisted hair.' It is wooden. It is the 'staff, bound in fluttering sheets.' Yet its image rises in us, 'sharp and menacing, though dead.' And the lines of the poem run on: —

> Yellow before us,
> Rising within us,
> A question unanswered —
> These pierced ribs,
> And twisted arms,
> And tethered legs —
> Hanging through centuries,
> This — this was Christ?

How did the world react to the Crucifixion? The whole heavy globe of the earth shook and trembled, Satan rushed forth, flames and quakings tore the planets.

> Tottering,
> Shuddered the world,
> Robing itself
> In breaking ether
> As in a pall.
> And one could see how vampires two
> With ruddy grimace on their lips
> Dragged through the roadways of the world
> The bound and shrouded corpse.

The robbers and unbelievers extinguish the torches in the cave, little knowing that the world-mystery is unfolding itself in these very days and hours.

> Our country is a grave, and over it a cross.
> The sky is grim above us, and stern are the stalks of grain.

But Russia is a bride. The tidings of the Spring come to her, and she exclaims: —

> O earth,
> Grow ruddy with flowers,
> And green with birches.
> There is
> Resurrection —
> Salvation
> Is with us!
> Behold, blooming roses
> On the Cross, sprung to life!

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Then we find in the poem a number of political passages. 'The railroad tracks, stretching midst lights, red, blue, and green, all promise us things unattainable.' The locomotives shriek out propaganda speeches; even the rain and the ticking telegraph apparatus and the swishing wires sing of the Third International. And through it all, revolver shots pierce the air.

In the centre of Block's poem is a crime, the murder of the girl, Katya. In Byely's poem, the blood-covered body of a murdered railroad man falls to the ground to the 'red laugh of an automatic revolver.'

As the body is lifted from the ground, the sparrows chirp of the brotherhood of nations, and the flags sing about it, and the locomotives shriek out the same song, while new corpses fall on every side. Machine-guns spit fire and bullets from the darkness, and even from 'beyond time,' machine-guns are pointed at us.

We, on this side of Russia's flaming frontier, believe, too, that the resurrection is coming and that the rock will roll away from the mouth of the cave. But we know that Christ would not have forgiven the murder of a single, unknown railroad man. Perhaps the sparrows chirp of the brotherhood of nations. But the flags — they, like the placards of the Constituent Assembly, have long been torn to shreds and now seem but mocking irony.

Block feels that retribution for past sins awaits us at each step; he even called a group of his poems by just that name. But 'he who suffereth to the end shall be saved.' Just as Byely, I know that 'a huge atmosphere descends with its light upon each of us, and the burning sufferings of the age gather lightnings about the head of each of us.' I know. But did not Christ pray in the garden of Gethsemane? And is it not the sin of pride to build a kingdom of heaven for the murdered victims to the song of locomotives, shrieking of the Third International? How can we will suffering even for a single human soul? Is this an attempt to rise to God's station itself? 'Something gathers in my throat at the sweetness and beauty of it,' says Byely. But is not the machine-gun still pointing at the groaning land, even from 'beyond time'?

Neither Block's 'The Twelve,' nor Byely's 'Christ Is Arisen' leaves in us the Easter feeling of joy. On the contrary: —

> From the crushed
> Head,
> From the broken
> Arm,
> Crimson streams
> Gush unchecked,
> Swell, like fountains.

We still believe, yet we cannot but see all this. And covering our heads with ashes, we shall not extinguish our torches, as Byely admonishes us to do. For we expect nothing from the soldiers in shining armor and helmets.

Like Block, Byely has drawn a picture of which he himself possibly never dreamed, and yet with amazing truthfulness. How wearisome, how deadening are all these 'propaganda' locomotives, all this blood! And the time has not come yet to answer Byely's tidings with the gladsome, 'In sooth, He is arisen!'

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THE POLITICS OF LANGUAGE

From *The Saturday Review, September* 17
(English Tory Weekly)

Perhaps the nearest approach that this kingdom has seen to the language movements that have harassed Continental statesmen is the Gaelic revival in Ireland. It has had its ups and downs in the past two decades, but at this moment it is full of hope and fight. Dàil Eireann uses Gaelic as its official language, though speaking in the more intelligible tongue is not at present barred. Mr. de Valera's notes to the British Prime Minister bear the label of 'official translation'; but only those in the innermost councils of Sinn Fein know which really came first, the translation or the 'original'; and they, very wisely, will never tell. What, however, is clear is that if, and when, Ireland has a Parliament of her own it will be a bilingual assembly, with English and Irish on an equal footing; and that in the law courts and the public services and the schools and universities both tongues, so far as legislation can effect it, will command the same facilities. Each, that is to say, will be legal tender; but customs and convenience and a hundred factors that no laws can touch will decide the issue between them.

Twelve or fifteen years ago, before it lost something of its novelty and enterprise, the Gaelic League seemed a really stalwart body. Those who believed that Ireland was in the throes of some such renascence of her national spirit and character as Hungary underwent in the middle of the last century pointed to the League and its influence and activities as justifying their faith. If after a time they ceased to do so, it was not so much that the propaganda had failed as that it had begun to show signs of that creeping paralysis which sooner or later seems to overtake all Irish movements that are not mainly material. Historically, it is no doubt a fact that a language, even when on its deathbed, can be revived, and that, when revived, it may become the most potent of all agencies in the building-up of nationality. But are the Irish the people for any such feat of endurance as this? A little over a hundred years ago Gaelic was spoken up to the gates of Dublin; it is now little more than a fugitive dialect of the barren and backward West; to make it once more the language of debate, of instruction, of command, and of everyday intercourse, will be a prodigious adventure. Yet unquestionably it will be essayed.

With their usual charming habit of never being to blame for anything, the Irish have tried to throw the blame for the decline of their old national language upon the broad British shoulders. But it is impossible to stamp out a language which the people who speak it are determined to keep alive. It was not England that suppressed Gaelic; it was Gaelic that weakened and withered under the social and ecclesiastical stigma imposed by the Irish themselves. Undoubtedly, its oblivion has done something to disintegrate the spirit of Irish nationality. Undoubtedly, also, its revival, if it could be revived effectually, would mean an Ireland remade. At present a short but sufficient answer to the claims of the Irish to possess the attributes of a genuine nationality is that, within the past hundred years, they have voluntarily taken an alien stamp and become almost wholly Anglicized.

'No language, no nation,' says the

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Dutch proverb; and it is true that a common speech spreads its roots far down into the complex psychology of nationhood. Some of the most interesting examples of national resurrection in modern Europe have had their source in the revival of local dialects. The researches and enthusiasm of a few philologists at the end of the eighteenth century started the movement that culminated in Hungarian independence. The Czechs in Bohemia became a solid political power only when they discarded German and regained possession of their native tongue. The same impulse of national regeneration, fed from the same springs, has thrilled, in turn, the Poles and the Finns. The Dutch proverb ought not, however, to be taken too literally. Switzerland, for instance, is unquestionably and in every sense a nation, although three official languages are allowed in the Parliament of Berne, and not less than five have been known to crop up in the excitement of debate. But, as a rule, it remains true that few influences are more subtle, more moulding, more separative in their effects, or harder to shake off, than the influences of language; and a people which has once foregone and then recaptured the use of its own tongue is raised insensibly to a higher pitch of self-consciousness and virility. There may even be hope for the Koreans now that the missionaries, after four hundred years of disuse, are reviving the Korean language.

By all means, let the Irish, if they can, resurrect Gaelic and become a mainly bi-lingual people. The Catholic prelates of Austria, in council assembled, once declared that 'all differences of language were the consequence of sin and the fall of man,' and as such, presumably, could not be put a stop to too soon. Whether that be good theology or not, many governments have convinced themselves that it is good politics. Only last week the Education Section of the British Association received the report of a committee it had appointed 'to inquire into the practicability of an international auxiliary language.' The inquiry, as it turned out, had not led to much. The committee found that Latin was too difficult, that jealousy would prevent the adoption of any modern language, and that an invented language, like Esperanto or Ido, would best serve the purpose they had in view. The notion which started them on this ridiculous investigation was apparently that better means of communication between nations would make for increased mutual knowledge and so for peace and understanding. But such a fantasy would hardly stand a moment's examination at the bar of history. It is not from ignorance, but from a sufficiency or overplus of knowledge, that nations dislike one another too well to be other than unsympathetic; and a world in which every single human being was made intelligible to every other would be a world given over to snarling antipathies and revulsions.

In language, as in every other form of expression, our sympathies are all on the side of variety, differentiation, and the play of natural instincts and genius. That is the policy that has always been followed in Great Britain and throughout the Empire. We have made the preservation of the tongues of such alien white peoples as we govern one of the principles of Imperial rule, and we have carried it far. Only a few years ago, for instance, a British subject in the nominally British Colony of Malta was tried in Italian, his evidence was translated into Italian, his lawyer pleaded in Italian, and the verdict for or against him was delivered in Italian. In Canada, strongly against the advice of Lord Durham, and in South Africa, we have adopted the same policy of

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fostering a plurality of tongues; and so far, in spite of obvious drawbacks and inconveniences, time has justified it. But it is worth noting that it is not the policy of any other Imperial Power. Most governing States treat the languages of the minority much as the Boers treated the French patois of the Huguenots and the Russians Finnish. Alone of the leading nations we make no official attempt to propagate, or insure the supremacy of our own language in our own dominions. No obstacle, therefore, will be placed by us in the way of the Irish adopting Gaelic as their their official tongue. The question whether its adoption will be anything more than formal and whether its chance of becoming the spoken and written language of the people will be thereby improved, is a question at bottom of the Irish character.

DR. JOHNSON ON MODERN LETTERS

BY R. M. FREEMAN

From *The Westminster Gazette, September* 17
(Old Liberal Weekly)

At Lord Mansfield's last Friday, Johnson acquainted us of a competition he was giving to the readers of the *Rambler*, inviting them to name the ten best novels in the English language, each by a different author, for a prize of five guineas. Our noble host surmised that this should be a difficult matter to decide, and asked Johnson how he proposed doing so; to which the latter replied that he had already formulated a list of those ten which he himself considered the best, and that the prize would go to that competitor whose list should most nearly conform with this.

We were all naturally eager to learn the names of the ten novels upon which the Great Cham of Literature had thus, so to speak, set the hall-mark of his preferential approbation. And, in response to the general solicitation, Johnson (under pledge of secrecy) communicated them to us. They proved to be as follows: —

Tom Jones, Clarissa Harlowe, The Vicar of Wakefield, Ivanhoe, Pride and Prejudice, Esmond, David Copperfield, The Cloister and the Hearth, Middlemarch, The Little Minister.

It was inevitable that this selection of ten from so great a number of excellent novels as our English literature can boast should provoke a fusillade of criticism.

Mr. Beauclerk fired the first shot by complaining that no work of Miss Charlotte Brontë's was included in the list.

Johnson. I was, I confess, loath to exclude Miss Brontë, whom I have always rated for a very considerable writer; but she has done nothing quite good enough to warrant admission to this very select company.

Upon Mr. Burke's desiring to learn why *Robinson Crusoe* had been left out, Johnson said: —

'Sir, this book is not, for some reason commonly classed with the novels: and

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that, rather than any deficiency of merit, is my reason for omitting it.'

Mr. Wilkes expressed the opinion that *The Vicar of Wakefield* should not have been included, on the ground of its being (in his view) altogether too stilted and artificial.

JOHNSON. Sir, I have nothing against that particular species of artificiality that can produce a Dr. Primrose, even though it stump about on stilts.

Mr. Garrick objected to *Pride and Prejudice*, contending that both the theme and the management of this, as indeed of all Miss Austen's novels, was unduly restricted in range and trivial in character.

This drew from Johnson a masterly defense of Miss Austen.

'Why, as to that, Sir,' said he, 'it is perfectly true that Miss Austen wrote of very little things that happened to very everyday people in a very limited circle of society. But, Sir, this lady possessed a supreme gift of narrating common things in a simple yet vivid manner that (without any adventitious attractions in the form of startling episodes, impressive descriptions, or witty passages) carries the reader along to the end of the book almost in spite of himself, and finally leaves him wondering what there had been in so ordinary a story to have engrossed him in so extraordinary a degree. Now, Sir, this gift is one of the rarest among humankind. Indeed, I doubt if there are half a dozen authors in the whole range of literature whom Nature has so completely endowed with it that they can rely upon it alone for their effects. And it is in virtue of this particular kind of genius (for it is nothing less) that Miss Austen stands, and will always stand, in the forefront of novel writers.

BOSWELL. But surely, Sir, Miss Austen's novels would be improved by a greater variety of action and some infusion of striking incidents.

JOHNSON. Sir, I do not think so. For this should give her less scope for exhibiting her peculiar powers. The placidly perspicuous stream for her narrative should rather become confused and turbulent by the introduction of rapids. What you should gain, Sir, in *swirls* you should more than lose in *limpidity*.

Dr. Percy said he considered Thackeray should rather have been represented in the list by *Vanity Fair* than by *Esmond*, to which Johnson answered: —

'*Vanity Fair*, Sir, is, without doubt, a very clever book, but we have too many *extraneous* reflections by the writer. Sir, instead of merging himself wholly into his characters and letting them do it all, he is perpetually obtruding his own identity by a running fire of interjections. He will never allow us so to lose ourselves in the book as to forget the author. Now *Esmond* is comparatively free from this defect. Moreover, it is the only historical novel I know in which the manner, as well as the matter, of the period is reproduced with entire fidelity. Other writers have achieved colorable imitations of bygone phraseologies; but, in *Esmond*, this fellow Thackeray gives us, not an imitation, but the thing itself. Sir, were the date of the book to be determined on internal evidence alone, it should infallibly be assigned to the age of Addison.'

Mr. Burke having mentioned his preference for *A Tale of Two Cities*, which he considered to be a greater masterpiece than *David Copperfield*, Johnson said: —

'Sir, there have been many Cartons in literature, but only one Micawber.'

BOSWELL. They say, Sir, that Dickens drew that portrait from his own father.

JOHNSON. Then, Sir, Dickens's father

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must have been the most engaging old wastrel that ever lived.

Of *The Cloister and the Hearth* he observed: —

'Although, judged by general output Reade is not to be compared with Scott, yet this book is better than anything of Scott's. It is worth all the author's *reformatory* novels put together.'

This led to a discussion on the subject of 'the novel with a purpose,' as that type of book is commonly called. Johnson said: —

'Sir, a novel, as I take it, is to be judged purely on its merits *as a novel*, and, Sir, if a novel is good as a novel, the goodness of the purpose adds nothing to its goodness; and if the novel is bad as a novel, the goodness of the purpose diminishes nothing from its badness. It is the business of the novel, indeed, to inculcate sound general morality, but not to push specific social or political reforms.'

He went on to add: —

'The novelist turned propagandist is apt to spoil what might have been a good novel by infusing too much of the tract into it, and what might have been a good tract by infusing too much of the novel into it. In any case, such a writer handicaps himself heavily in both directions. He resembles the doctor who has to treat atrophy and gout in the same patient. What is good for the atrophy is bad for the gout, and *vice versa*. He cannot benefit the one without hurting the other.'

Upon my remarking that I was pleased to see that his prejudice against the Scotch had not prevented him from including Barrie's masterpiece in his list, he replied, smiling: —

'Sir, Barrie has been so much in England that he is more than three parts anglicized. He has come to see the Scotch as we English see them. He has acquired a perception of their *unconscious* comicalities.'

We spoke of other modern novelists for whose works Johnson had found no place in his list. Among these, H. G. Wells was mentioned. Johnson said of him: —

'If only the rascal would keep his hands off God and the Bishops, I should have little against him; for, in spite of his bad theology, he writes very good novels. I remember sitting up half one night to finish *Tono-Bungay*.'

He added: —

'Wells is undoubtedly a thinker and makes one think, as few other modern writers do. But he is a little too fond of *featuring* The Omniscient.'

Of Arnold Bennett he spoke in terms of high praise.

'Sir,' said he, using a forcible if homely expression, 'I am aware of no modern writer of novels whose work has more *guts* in it.'

Kipling being mentioned by Lord Mansfield as a robust but somewhat unrefined writer, Johnson said: —

'Sir, you are to remember that it was Kipling who led the revolt against the literary namby-pamby that was in favor when he came on the scene. And, Sir, in his strenuous efforts after a manly robustness of writing, he sometimes went (as was almost inevitable) a little too far. Imparting vitality to his work, he was not always nice in avoiding a certain vulgarity. Yet this was a small price to pay for his great and timely service in restoring natural vigor to English literature.'

Lord Mansfield, while generally concurring in this verdict, said that nevertheless he could not help considering the slang of Kipling's barrack-rooms somewhat beneath the dignity of literature.

JOHNSON. Sir, Kipling makes his common soldiers talk as common soldiers do, in fact, talk in their barrack-rooms. In this there is nothing undignified.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

No drum-beat, pulsing challenge and desire,
Sounded; no jubilant boast nor fierce alarm
Cried throbbing from enfevered throats afire
For glory, when from vineyard, forge, and farm,
From wharf and warehouse, foundry, shop, and school,
From the unreaped cornfield and the office-stool,
France called her sons; but loath, but grave,
But silent, with their purpose proud and hard
Within them, as of men that go to guard
More than life, yet to dare
More than death; France, it was their France to save!
Nor now the fiery legend of old fames
And that Imperial Eagle whose wide wings
Hovered from Vistula to Finistère,
Who plucked the crown from Kings,
Filled her; but France was arming in her mind:
The world unborn and helpless, not the past
Victorious with banners, called her on;
And she assembled, not her sons alone
From city and hamlet, coast and heath and hill,
But deep within her bosom, deeper still
Than any fear could search, than any hope could blind,
Beyond all clamors of her recent day,
Hot smouldering of the faction and the fray,
She summoned her own soul. In the hour of night,
In the hush that felt the armed tread of her foes,
Like a star, silent out of seas, it rose.

Most human France! In those clear eyes of light
Was vision of the issue, and all the cost
To the last drop of generous blood, the last
Tears of the orphan and the widow; and yet
She shrank not from the terror of the debt,
Seeing what else were with the cause undone,
The very skies barred with an iron threat,
The very mind of freedom lost
Beneath that shadow bulked across the sun.
Therefore did she abstain
From all that had renowned her, all that won
The world's delight; thought-stilled
With deep reality to the heart she burned,
And took upon her all the load of pain
Foreknown; and her sons turned
From wife's and children's kiss
Simply, and steady-willed
With quiet eyes, with courage keen and clear,
Faced Eastward. — If an English voice she hear,
That has no speech worthy of her, let this
Be of that day remembered—with what pride
Our ancient island thrilled to the oceans wide,
And our hearts leaped to know that England then,
Equal in faith of free and loyal men,
Stepped to her side.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A DISPUTED IBSEN MANUSCRIPT

A CONTROVERSY has arisen in Norway over the ownership of the manuscript of Ibsen's *Brand*. The University Library at Christiania is making every effort to complete its collection of manuscripts, and is paying especial attention to literary relics of Norwegian writers and scientists. The manuscript of *Brand* is now in the Royal Danish Library at Copenhagen; but the Norwegians contend that the Library has neither moral nor legal right to it. According to *Morgenbladet*, a conservative Norwegian daily, the lawful owner is State's Minister Sigurd Ibsen, the son of the dramatist, and if he does not care to claim it, the University Library is entitled to become its possessor.

Brand was first published after Ibsen's death, by Professor Karl Larsen, who came into possession of the manuscript in a rather irregular way, of which *Morgenbladet* gives the following account: —

About the year 1890, a Danish collector, named Pontoppidan, discovered a package of manuscript in an antiquarian's shop in Rome, and eventually secured possession of it. It is very probable that he knew that Ibsen had something to do with this writing; but he was a man incapable of understanding the true value of its contents. Being acquainted, however, with Professor Larsen, he mentioned his find to him on several occasions, and asked whether he would not examine it when time and opportunity served. Nothing came of this until after the death of Pontoppidan, in 1902, when the papers were found among his property, with instructions written on the package, providing that when Professor Larsen had made whatever use he desired of them they should be turned over to the Royal Danish Library at Copenhagen.

After examining the papers Professor Larsen saw that he had a valuable literary find; but he evidently considered it wisest to keep the matter to himself. He did not even take Ibsen into his confidence. The dramatist was ill, Professor Larsen declared later, and it was not right to disturb or trouble him with matters of this sort. It was better to wait until he got well. Keeping watch over his treasure, the Professor, silent as the grave, let year after year slip by. Then in 1906, when Ibsen died, and, as Professor Larsen truthfully remarked, 'every hope for recovery had been extinguished,' he let the world at large know about his interesting discovery, and obtained the consent of Mrs. Susanna Ibsen and Sigurd Ibsen to have the manuscript published. Afterwards, it came into possession of the Royal Danish Library at Copenhagen.

It was learned later that, when he left Rome, in 1868, Ibsen deposited, in care of the Scandinavian Society, a trunk full of books and manuscripts, among which was the epic *Brand*. But when he returned many years afterward, he found the trunk almost destroyed and all the papers gone. With the faulty organization which then obtained in the Scandinavian Society, it was impossible to learn who had secured possession of the papers; but it is perfectly evident that they must have reached the antiquarian shop in a highly irregular manner.

Morgenbladet concludes that neither the dealer in antiques, the collector Pontoppidan, Professor Larsen, nor the Royal Library has ever had the slightest right to this manuscript; and adds that there has been sharp criticism of their action in Denmark as well as in Norway.

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DEEP-SEA EXPLORATION

DENMARK has sent out an expedition for deep-sea exploration, one of the principal objects of which is to add to scientific knowledge of the life-history

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of the eel. It is only about twenty years since the Italian zoölogists, Grassi and Calandruccio, made their first discoveries as to its breeding habits. The clues which their data furnished were followed up by Dr. Johannes Schmidt, director of the Karlsbad laboratory, who is in charge of the present expedition.

More than ten years ago, Dr. Schmidt showed that the eels, at spawning time, make their way along the sea-bottom out into the Atlantic, until, somewhere about the Azores, they find suitable water at a depth of no less than 500 fathoms. Here they spawn and here they die. But the eel at spawning time is a very different creature from the dull-colored, squirming horror detested by many European anglers. On the way down to the sea, the migrants, now from seven to eight-and-a-half years old, change color, the skin assuming the gleam of silver, while the eyes become large and lustrous. No one knows exactly what happens to the eggs after spawning, and this is one of the problems which the present expedition hopes to solve. Zoölogists believe that they hatch somewhere near the 500-fathom line, and that for some time the emerging larvæ live in these gloomy depths.

Until Grassi and Calandruccio made their first discoveries, the only known specimens of larval eels had been taken from the stomachs of the deep-sea sun-fish; but no scientific man or fisherman ever dreamed that these strange-looking, fragile creatures could be young eels. These larval fish, known as *Leptocephali*, had long been observed; but until about twenty years ago, no one suspected their true nature. It is now known that they are the young of the eels, as they appear at the stage when they rise to the surface of the waters.

They are perfectly translucent, and often their blood is clear. They are shaped like lancets, without fins, with small heads, but with big jaws, armed with long, slender teeth. Without any guidance at all, led only by a mysterious instinct, like that which brought their parents from their river-homes, they make their way slowly up from the depths of the ocean, and turn toward the land. The development of their teeth suggests that they live on prey of some sort, but no one knows what it is.

When they reach a length of two-and-a-half inches, they cease to grow, and begin to decrease in size; for the larvæ are living on the stored-up food-material of their own bodies. During this period, the jaws and teeth are undergoing changes which make feeding impossible. By the time the migrants have reached the mouths of their river-homes, their bodies have assumed characteristic eel-like form, though they are scarcely thicker than the quill of a feather, and their bodies are still half-transparent. The blood, which has now become red, shows clearly through their flesh. Some of their fins have already begun to appear. On their way up the rivers, it is said that no obstacle will bar their progress, that they will climb lock-gates, and make their way by night through wet grass to ponds distant from the river.

The expedition hopes to solve the problem of the routes which the eels travel, the precise breeding-places of eels from widely different river-systems, and also to capture adult eels in the sea, not only on their way to the great deeps, but also in the actual breeding area — something which, so far, has never been accomplished. The expedition is sailing in the steamer Dana, which during the war was a British mine-sweeper. The vessel is commanded by Captain G. Hansen, who for many years was the command-

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er of the Thor, the vessel used by the Commission for Oceanic Investigation.

Berlingske Tidende, a Copenhagen newspaper, comments thus on the expedition: —

A study of the life-history of the eel cannot be confined to a limited area, but necessarily embraces the whole region of the Atlantic, from Newfoundland to the Equator. It is because eel-fishery means more to Denmark than to any other country in Europe that the International Council for Oceanic Study turns to Danish scientists to obtain light on a subject that has baffled investigators. A main part of the task will be the charting of that part of the Atlantic Ocean where the eel is found in its earliest stage of development, to judge from this where the succeeding stages occur, as well as to follow its migration with the ocean currents from the breeding-places to Europe.

Since the Dana expedition will have to cover an immense territory, advantage is to be taken of this exceptional opportunity to obtain a picture of the currents in the North Atlantic as a whole, as well as of its plant life and animal life. The most important currents of the North Atlantic, the best known of which is the Gulf Stream, swing around in a circular movement, something like the hands on a watch, and their centre lies between the Azores and the Bermudas. Only certain parts of this immense system of currents, with its varied plant life and animal life, are known. The working plan of the expedition is to make this part of the Atlantic its base of observation, and to select stations for the measurements of currents and for deep-sea fishing. Part of the ocean between Cape Verde and Brazil is to receive special attention. On account of the narrowness of the ocean at this point, the exchange of the water of the Southern and Northern Atlantic takes place here.

The Dana expedition expects to be gone for about a year, and the routes are laid out in such a way that the southern part of the territory will be covered in winter and the northern in summer. The expedition will cover distances greater than the circumference of the earth at the Equator.

A BULGARIAN POET

THE death of Yvan Vazof, who was for half a century the singer of the sorrows, hopes, and glories of the Bulgarian people, has been made the occasion of national mourning. It is only a year since they celebrated his fiftieth birthday, and for a single day forgot the distress which overwhelmed them after the war. Vazof was the greatest Bulgarian poet of his day. From the war of liberation to the present day he represented the reincarnation of the nationalist idea. He himself lived through the Russo-Turkish War, and the liberation that followed the union of the two Bulgarias, the slow peaceful transformation of the state, the two Balkan wars, and finally the World War; and he dealt with almost all of them in his art.

He excelled in narrative verse, a medium in which his best-known work, *Plains and Forests*, is written. He entered into the daily life of peasants and of the artisans of his country, which he described in novels and short stories, as well as in narrative verse; and he thus made himself the flag-bearer of the movement toward religious and political emancipation. His first literary training was acquired from the Russian poets, Pushkin and Gogol. He was also strongly influenced by French writers, notably Hugo, Lamartine, and Béranger.

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THE AUTHOR OF 'IF WINTER COMES'

THE London *Bookman* for October contains an article, signed Louis J. McQuilland, on Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, the author of *If Winter Comes*, a novel which has been read with equal enthusiasm in England and in America. The picture that accompanies it shows Mr. Hutchinson in the uniform of an

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English army officer, young and keen, with features and expression which go far to explain his comprehension of a Mark Sabre. The brief account of this author describes him in the following terms: —

Before dealing with this fascinating, and at times bewildering, novel, I should like to convey what kind of person Hutchinson is, as he is never likely to convey it for himself, being stricken by that rare disease which is called modesty. Well, then, the novelist-to-be began life as a student at St. Thomas's Hospital; but medicine and surgery had no fascination for him, and writing had an overwhelming enchantment for him. He wrote and wrote and continued to write, and steadfastly refrained from reading. In that feverish period Hutchinson earned his first guinea, — it was thirty shillings, — and he never got it. The magazine, *The Ludgate*, went smash after publishing his contribution, — a poem, — but cause and effect are not suggested.

When the unwilling student was two years behind with his exams, something had to be done, and he did it by renouncing parent-aided education and setting out to earn his own living with the pen.

'How I had the courage,' Mr. Hutchinson whimsically confessed to me, 'I can't (now) imagine. I wrote all day long every conceivable form of article and short story. I got a regular five shillings a week from *Scraps* for comic verse, and then began to get random acceptances here and there. I believe I was only a very few months at this way of life, and then, astoundingly, I attracted the attention of Mr. P. W. Everitt, of *Pearson's*. He asked me to call, and I told him my ambitions, and two weeks later came, most astonishingly, an offer to join the staff. I learned my trade at *Pearson's*, but I left *Pearson's* because I wanted to write a novel, and there is no room in a popular magazine for a young man who is obsessed with the idea of writing a novel.'

In the process of writing it, the struggling author was offered the opportunity of doing leaderettes for the *Daily Graphic*. That was in 1907. In 1908 he found himself, to his amazement, sub-editor of the paper, and in 1912, to his increased wonder, he became editor, and remained in that position until 1916, when he joined the army, finishing his military experiences with the first Army of Occupation in Germany.

On demobilization Hutchinson definitely did what he had determined on for years — broke with journalism and set up as a novelist without any other preoccupation. *If Winter Comes* is the first splendid fruit of that undivided interest.

✽

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK

The musical language in which Engelbert Humperdinck, who died in Germany late in September, addressed the children of all lands and their elders through his *Hänsel und Gretel* was an Esperanto of sound. The notices of his death have brought out the diverse facts that at one time he was a professor of composition at the Barcelona Conservatory, at another a music-teacher in the family of Krupp, the gun-maker, and at still another an assistant to Richard Wagner, not only copying out the score of *Parsifal* for him, but supplying a few original bars of the music that was needed to lengthen the time for scene-shifting. The germ of *Hänsel und Gretel* was the composition of a few small dances for the marriage of Humperdinck's sister.

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